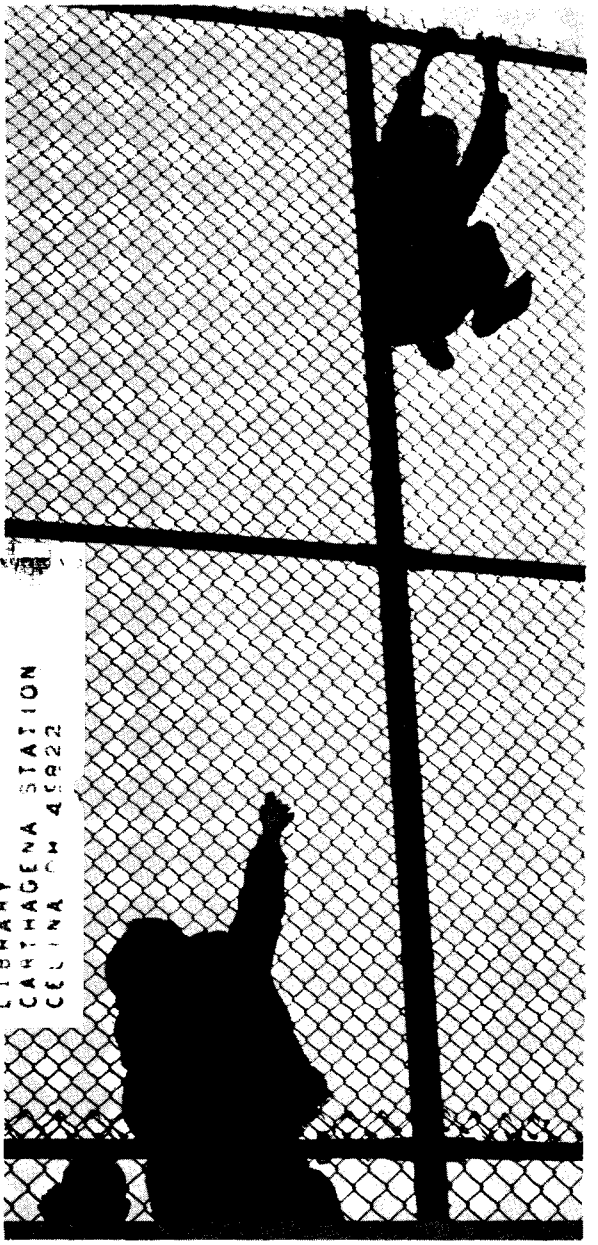
Volume XC No. 11 May 30, 1969 35 cents

commonweal

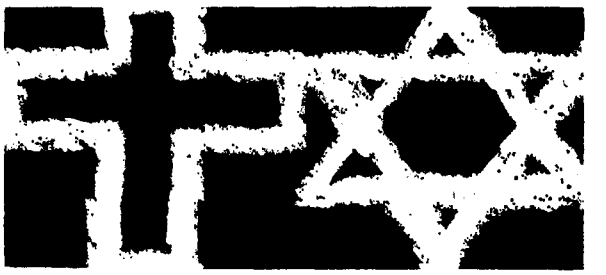


Steve Salmieri

A-2120 12-69
ST CHARLES SEMINARY
LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822

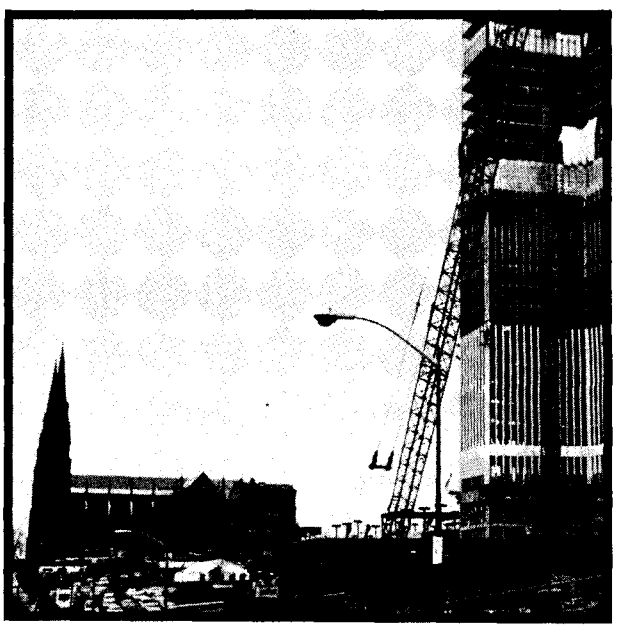
HEAD START TO NOWHERE

MAURICE R. BERUBE



ACROSS A CANYON

JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI



A CATHEDRAL DIES

DORIS GRUMBACH

UP AGAINST IL MURO

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

SYSTEMS ANALYSIS

THOMAS M. CONRAD

DJILAS THE REBEL

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena Station
Celina, Ohio
MAY 27 1969

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

How Now, Dow Jones

As we know from the media, those rumors about Dow Chemical getting out of the napalm business and Monsanto taking over are so much fancy.

Dow is in napalm for the duration. Board chairman Carl A. Gerstacker made that clear at Dow's annual meeting.

The reasons, of course, are patriotic. Dow isn't going to deprive the boys of the tools, nor the government of the decision-making. Who really expected otherwise?

Dow claims it isn't in napalm for money—which may be partly true. Napalm is a small fraction of the company's total sales. But for 1968, this was still $6.74 million. Not bad. Besides, there are kindred contracts to protect.

In point of fact, Dow does far better with a number of other products than it does with napalm—and we're not talking of consumer items like Handi-Wrap or Saran Wrap or Dow Oven Cleaner. We're talking of deadly nerve poisons and herbicides for chemical-biological warfare.

Like Tordon—which was worth $45.2 million to Dow in 1967.

In the Dow products' catalogue, Tordon sounds as innocent as baby oil: "TORDON herbicide, one of Dow's newest, is used for killing a wide variety of deep-rooted perennial herbaceous weeds and woody plants. . . . An important advantage of this herbicide is its safety to grasses. *As normally used*, grasses are not seriously damaged . . ." (emphasis added).

But Tordon isn't exactly the suburban gardener's weapon against dandelions. It's a weapon of war.

Tordon was developed with the help of an Army research grant (contract number: DA-18-064-AMC-119A / Army Biological Labs); purpose: to study the effectiveness of a herbicide "in poisoning non-gramineous crops, including garden beans, soybean, potato and manioc." The Army is today using Tordon to destroy crops and plants in Vietnam.

And while the Army sprays Dow over Vietnam, Gerstacker chides ministers and priests (to the applause of stockholders) for presuming to "talk to us of peace, of moral decisions, of our nation's heritage."

File the whole thing under "h"—for hyprocrisy.

The Deflowering Process

A fact sheet from Clergy and Laymen Concerned clues to the extent of the herbicide war in Vietnam.

The defoliation of Vietnam began in 1962, with the "treatment" (sic) of 17,119 acres. By 1966, the acreage total had grown to 775,894; for the first nine months of 1967, the figure was 843,606.

Since October, 1967, figures on acreage treated with defoliants and herbicides have not been available (guess why), but one can draw conclusions on the extent from the escalating sums spent for spraying.

In 1966, the amount was $12.5 million. It tripled in 1967 to $38.8 million and leaped in 1968 to $45.9 million. The sum allocated for 1969 is a whopping $70.8 million.

Senator Vance Hartke estimates that by the end of the calendar year the acreage covered with destructive chemicals will exceed 3.5 million—larger than the area of Connecticut and six times that of Rhode Island.

Much of the area sprayed is jungle, but much of it, too, is cropland.

Small wonder that South Vietnam, which prior to 1967 was exporting rice at the rate of $134 millions per year, should now be an importer of the staple. In 1968, 800,000 tons had to be brought into the country.

Small wonder, too, that commentators are increasingly stressing the moral cost of the defoliation program. Scientists Jean Mayer and Victor W. Sidel summarized the matter neatly:

"Crop destruction constitutes a war measure primarily if not exclusively directed at children, the elderly, and pregnant and lactating women. . . . The primary U.S. aim—to disable the Vietcong — will not be achieved and our proclaimed secondary aim—to win over the civilian population — is made a hollow mockery."

That should sober Dow. But don't bet on it.

Students and Priorities

Dr. Buell G. Gallagher's cop-out as president of City College of New York at the height of its campus crisis disappointed some, dismayed many, irked many more.

But few could complain about his statement of resignation. It was far more insightful than most of what's issuing these days from the sages of society on the nature of the campus revolution. But to appreciate the fact, one had to read deeply into the stories of Gallagher's resignation.

The *New York Times* took Gallagher's text and headlined his condemnation of the "intrusion of politically motivated forces" into the CCNY dispute.

By permission, CCNY

Buell G. Gallagher

It was a delicious focus for a city warming to the excitement of knee-in-the-groin mayoralty politics. But it blurred a deeper detail of Gallagher's message — the linking of student unrest to the nation's mixed-up perspectives.

Gallagher put it succinctly: "The frustrations spawned by a society which has inverted its values and reversed its priorities, putting war ahead of human well-being and preferring privilege to justice—these frustrations pushed the on-coming college generation into an activism which overreaches immediately attainable goals."

Who's to argue?

President Nixon is meeting these days with advisors on what White House press secretary Ziegler terms "the cause of the problem . . . what brings the unrest about."

Maybe only Ziegler's grammar is imprecise. There is no "cause" of student unrest; there are "causes," many causes. And chief among them are Vietnam and the nation's social disorientations. Student rebellion, in a word, is the symptom not the sickness.

The fact should not be missed. Buell Gallagher, the abruptness of his resignation aside, merits credit for providing a reminder.

Odds 'n Ends

—Western Electric, a five-year-old document reveals, turned a 6,684 percent profit on its Nike launcher-loader contract. Douglas Corporation topped that; it netted $1.2 million on costs of $3,000, a profit of 36,000 percent.

—*Washington Post* staffer Colman McCarthy quotes Bill Buckley's salutation to the folks at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions: "Gentlemen, I want you to know I am here strictly as a voyeur."

JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Manhattan's Side

New York

To the Editors: I want to correct what I believe to be misrepresentations in Philip Nobile's "I Never Met Any Priest Who Suggested Withdrawal" [*Commonweal,* May 2]. My criticism lies not so much with what Mr. Nobile did say, but rather with what he *didn't* say.

Dr. Gray, Fr. Megivern and myself pressed Fr. Liteky on the issue of Vietnam much more than Mr. Nobile suggests. In particular, I mentioned to Fr. Liteky the reluctance of the U.S. Bishops to justify Vietnam from the principle of proportionality, and I suggested that Liteky make a similar consideration. Surely *I* cannot be held responsible if his answer was vague, filled with generalities, and "assuring."

At the close of the discussion all three panelists prefaced their final remarks to Fr. Liteky with a statement of respect for him as a person, but it didn't end there as Mr. Nobile suggests. Each of us then proceeded to take rather substantial disagreement with Fr. Liteky's beliefs and premises. I suggested as nonsense Liteky's statement that "civilian control of the military" would prevent future Vietnams. Military men, and in particular military chaplains, must also share the burden of deciding whether a war, or the means used in a war, are just. Perhaps we wouldn't be where we are in Vietnam if military chaplains took time (and Fr. Liteky clearly hadn't) to ask deep, hard, factual questions about the morality of this war.

I believe that we are entitled to a more fair presentation, and your readers should know the complete story.

JOSEPH J. FAHEY
Manhattan College

Reply

Since my reportage was not a transcript, it did not include any party's complete remarks. Thus Mr. Fahey is

(Continued on page 327)

NEWS & VIEWS: 306 **CORRESPONDENCE: 307**
EDITORIALS: 307
UP AGAINST THE CATHOLIC WALL: *Henry ten Kortenaar* **309**
HEAD START TO NOWHERE: *Maurice R. Berube* **311**
ACROSS THE DEEP CANYON: *John T. Pawlikowski* **313**
THE SAD, SLOW DEATH OF A CATHEDRAL: *Doris Grumbach* **316**
VERSE: *Lynn Wilhite* **318**
THE STAGE: *Gerald Weales* **319** ***THE SCREEN:*** *Philip T. Hartung* **320**
BOOKS: **221**

Cover photos: left, Steve Salmieri; right, Bob Paley; page 317, Bob Paley

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor*
JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor*
PHILIP NOBILE: *Assistant Editor*
ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
MICHAEL NOVAK: *Associate Editor (At Large)* WILFRID SHEED: *Books*
GERALD WEALES: *Drama* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher*
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Application pending for Second-class postage entry at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1969 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.**US and Canada, $10 a year. Foreign $12. Single copies 35¢.*

AND, NOW, TWO PEACE PLANS

The reaction of Americans, including leading doves in the Congress, to President Nixon's "peace program" for Vietnam demonstrated unmistakably the national anxiety for disentanglement from that insane war. The response, though not ecstatic, was generally uncritical; as such it was out of relation to what the Nixon program in fact deserved. Senator Frank Church termed the program, quite accurately, a "bitter disappointment," but his was a lonely voice. The country as a whole accepted the Nixon message as little children might the assurances of a parent concerning difficulties in which the family was long mired. It mattered not that what was said was not new, that, indeed, most of what was said had been uttered many times before, with an invariable lack of results. In desperate times, even hollow words breed a curious confidence.

Perhaps the difference was that this time the saying was done not by Lyndon Johnson but by Richard Nixon, and thus became the deliverance of that testament for peace, promised repeatedly during the presidential campaign and held back teasingly during the six months since election. Perhaps, too, reality was deflected by the suggestions of sages that the Nixon program was important for, of all things, what it did not spell out. Whatever the factors that contributed to the guileless reception, the fact remains that on the question of a Nixon peace plan the American people have pretty much been had. If the campaign oratory was not itself completely fraudulent, then the period since inauguration certainly has been one of intellectual impoverishment. Either way, Nixon the peace-maker stands naked before his people. Not even the timing of the Nixon program stirred confidence, coming as it did six days after the Vietcong unveiled at Paris its comprehensive ten-point proposal. The Nixon counterplan had the pattern of a patchwork quilt, hastily stitched together to cover the bareness of one's position. Again, as a few days earlier when a Nixon malnutrition program was cast into Congress to blanket exposures threatened by Senator McGovern's Committee on Hunger in America, Mr. Nixon displayed him-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self less the man of initiatives he likes to talk about, than one of reactions—and not very profound ones.

Analysts are busy itemizing the features of the Nixon "peace program"—its timetable for mutual withdrawal and the provision for new elections in South Vietnam under the supervision of an international body—and speculating on implications, especially of the latter: that it provides no commitment to power for the Thieu-Ky regime, and that it lays down no bar to coalition government in Saigon. But even before the discounting of these speculations by Secretary of State Rogers, the Nixon formulae were of limited significance. They are "risks for peace" only by the vocabulary of American rhetoric. They do not alter the facts that American troops have no business in Vietnam; that new national elections have been an imperative since the moment of the fraud of summer, 1967, which produced the Thieu-Ky regime; and that, as Eugene McCarthy used to stress in his articulate days on Vietnam, coalition government is what the war is all about.

Mr. Nixon, in sum, not only stated the obvious, but put forward conclusions which are foregone as points of serious negotiation. He did not even bother to sweeten his program with tactical or humane concessions. There is, for instance, to be no immediate pull-back of troops, not even a token number; nor is a cease-fire talked about, except for a "supervised" one after an international supervisory body is operating in that country. In other words, the slaughter is to continue indefinitely—a detail which beclouds Mr. Nixon's application of the word "ruthless" to one side in the war.

Despite all this, the Nixon "peace program" meets a purpose, oblique though this may be. At least it allows discussion of the Vietcong ten-point plan free of the embarrassment of having no formal program of one's own. Which, in one sense, is the best that one might hope for it. For it is the Vietnamese who should dictate the agenda for negotiations, not the intruder into their affairs—or its puppets. In this context, the Vietcong plan—Henry Cabot Lodge's essential negativeness notwithstanding—is an admirable working document, much of whose merit rests in the fact that it would return principals in the Vietnam conflict to the neglected Geneva accords of 1954.

There are obscurities and evasions in the Vietcong plan, much that must be thrashed out. But *Izvestia* is not wrong in saying that it puts the issue of ending the war "on a realistic track." Mr. Lodge maintains that there is now a basis for moving into "real, solid, meat-and-potatoes" negotiations. He is speaking with reference to the Nixon program, and though his conclusion is likely correct, he is probably mistaken about the vehicle. Peace will come to Vietnam, but peace needs a coherent plan. Of the two on the table, the more coherent, by far, is the Vietcong's.

BLACK OVER WHITE

On sweltering summer days and crisp autumn mornings I have looked at her beautiful churches with her spires pointing heavenward. I have beheld the impressive outlay of her massive religious education buildings. Over and over again I have found myself asking: "Who worships here? Who is their God? . . ."

Martin Luther King
Letter From Birmingham City Jail

James Forman has told it on a Maoist mountain to let the white American churches and synagogues pay his people back. Speaking for the National Black Economic Development Conference (NBEDC), an April meeting of 700 black leaders in Detroit that has become a May movement in New York, Forman's *Black Manifesto* demands a $500 million reparation for the rape of the American Negro. Why indict organized religion for this national crime? "We have learned through experience," explained Forman, "that we have taken on the total government by taking on the church . . . The church is the jugular vein of the country, because, wrapped up in the church is the vital system which helps perpetuate the kind of exploitation of blacks which goes on."

There are none who could cast stones at this accusation. The church has been an all too willing accomplice in the subtle and unsubtle shapes of racism. From segregated communion rails to shady business associations, a goodly number of God's people have come on like a brood of light-skinned vipers. As the keys to the kingdom are inserted deeper into corporate America, the harder it is to avoid laying up those earthly moth-eaten treasures. If your portfolio becomes a temptation to you . . .

Is the NBEDC asking too much? Not really. A half-billion dollars comes to only "$15 a nigger" (or two weeks in Vietnam) according to Forman's indignant bookkeeping. Apart from a modicum of justice, the money would buy: a Southern land bank to fund co-operative farms; four publishing houses to generate capital and jobs; four TV networks to counter "racist propaganda that fills the current television networks"; a research skills center; a training center for training in communications; a grant to the National Welfare Rights Organization to assist welfare worker and recipient organization; a National Black Labor Strike and Defense Fund; an International Black Appeal, headed by Forman, which would raise money for NBEDC, develop co-ops in Africa and support African Liberation Movements, and a Black Anti-Defamation League; and a Black University.

So far, so good. This programmatic portion of the *Manifesto* has little of controversy (or originality for that matter). But there is more. Instead of quitting while ahead, Forman stays with the wild card of insurrection.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After some mild appeals for black and white solidarity and notes on non-violent disruption, revolution is announced:

But if the white Christian and Jews are not willing to meet our demands through peace and good will, then we declare war and we are prepared to fight by whatever means necessary."

"But if the white Christians and Jews are not willing to linked up with the United States government, we must not forget that it will ultimately be by force and power that we will win."

This language is unfortunate. It embarrasses the movement, begets unnecessary polarization and gives excuse to the forces of reaction, while not at all bringing the *Manifesto* closer to completion. There is already a serious rift in the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization, the ecumenical social service group which originally sponsored the now independent NBEDC. IFCO President Marc Tannenbaum calls the *Manifesto* "an invitation to national suicide." Executive Director Lucius Clay endorses it without qualification. The 200-member Ministerial Interfaith Association of Harlem favors "the principle" of the NBEDC demands, but not its attendant "political philosophy."

Such is the dilemma. Sympathy for the programs of the *Manifesto* and the rage that spawned it, but disavowal of its terrorist promise. How shall good men respond? Should Forman be taken for his threats or for his cause? Ernest Campbell, senior minister of Riverside Church where Forman interrupted Sunday services three weeks ago in the premier confrontation, has been eminently temperate and wise. He admits Church guilt and backs the plea for reparation. Although deploring the *Manifesto's* revolutionary packaging, he is quick to observe that "when desperate people talk this way, intransigence and rigidity on the part of the establishment only tend to prove the revolutionaries' point—that the situation is hopeless."

How unlike the N. Y. Chancery, whose lack of hospitality forced Forman out into the rain to talk with the press after a meeting with diocesan officials! Or the rubbish of the Baltimore *Catholic Review*'s editorial that obtusely deflected the issue with questions like "What about reparations for families of white Union soldiers who died in the Civil War to end slavery?"

Catholics must do better than this.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY IN MILAN

UP AGAINST THE CATHOLIC WALL

Rome

An unusual contest took place recently in the Basilica of St. Stephen in Milan, after the eucharistic celebration by Archbishop Colombo. Students of Sacred Heart Catholic University gathered around the altar of the Blessed Sacrament and started reading alternately the gospel of St. Matthew and newspaper-items about poverty, hunger and violence in today's world. Members of Catholic Action, shocked by such scandalous behavior, countered by bellowing Hail Marys and pious hymns, and soon a fight broke out, which only through the intervention of Auxiliary Bishop Ferraroni ended without serious injuries on either side.

It was not the first time that Sacred Heart students had been in the news. Only a few weeks before, as Pope Paul VI made his annual appeal to Italian Catholics to support their "own national University," the buildings on the Milan campus were occupied by 600 of them—the latest in a long series of protests against academic authorities. In his appeal, the Pope mentioned the "grave and heated" disputes, saying it was not for him to enter into them, but expressing hope "for a happy solution to these problems." It does not seem, however, that his hope will soon be fulfilled, for the roots of the students' unrest are too deep, and the parties have grown too far apart to allow for a rapid solution.

The immediate cause for the troubles of the Catholic University, which began in 1967, was a sharp rise in the students' fees, which all of a sudden made Sacred Heart the most expensive university in Italy. Since then, however, it has become clear that the real causes are much deeper and are to be sought in the profound crisis both of the Italian university and of Italian Catholicism. In fact, the long series of occupations, sit-ins, hunger strikes and protest marches which since the fall of 1967 have disrupted the life of the "Cattolica," coincided with the wave of student agitation throughout the country and with the growing dissatisfaction of many Catholics with the "official church," of which the affair of the Florence parish is perhaps the best known, but by no means the only symptom.

If students at public universities have good reason to complain about the "baronial status" of their professors, about the rigid hierarchy, the paternalism and the immobility of the system, the Sacred Heart students have better reasons, for there the same qualities are not only a matter of fact, but of principle: as it is put here, there can be no Catholicism where there is no hierarchy, no hierarchy without paternal feelings, no truth where we admit change. The same applies to law and order, obedience, docility. And if those in secular institutions complain about the "class system," in which higher educa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, and especially university training, is inaccessible to all but a few members of the lower classes, and is designed to make them lose their identity with their own class, Catholics can complain more, for their own (not state-supported) schools are generally so expensive that they have become status symbols (so that, say, a socialist representative is most likely to send his son to the Jesuits and his daughter to a nuns' school); and as to the class system, well, every Catholic knows it is God-given and must not be changed.

At the time of the Catholic University's foundation (1921) very few Catholics, anywhere, would have found fault with these underlying principles; just a few would have quarreled with founder Fr. Agostino Gemelli's analysis of the situation which called for a Catholic university: ". . . because we recognize that the so-called modern culture is the fiercest enemy of Catholicism, and because we recognize that it is vain to speak of accommodation, of penetration. . . . Our enemy bears with him the signs of death. We can give him neither truce nor respite nor the honor of arms." Catholic culture, he said, must find its inspiration in the Middle Ages, for in those days "all recognized in the Catholic Church the infallible teacher of life and thought."

In this atmosphere of siege and battle it was, perhaps, natural that the attitude of the University towards its students was mainly protective: against the pernicious modern culture, against bad company, etc. This protection was exercised in various ways: by requiring a certificate of good conduct from their pastor upon registering, by (compulsory) talks with the University's spiritual director, by (also compulsory) courses and examinations in "moral philosophy," by requiring the anti-Modernist oath from doctoral candidates in all departments. Thus, the founders maintained, the Catholic University would prepare "not *just* teachers, but *Catholic* teachers, not *just* lawyers, . . . (etc.)." In fact, it can be said that many Catholic teachers, lawyers, etc. left the University, but whether this was due to its particular methods or to the fact that those who went there wanted, from the start, to become *Catholic* teachers, lawyers, etc., was a question which seemed to matter little, and was, in any case, not posed.

Despite the high hopes of its founders, Italy's national Catholic University did not have the creative influence on society and the Church they had expected. Strangely enough, it never had a theology department: a queen's court without a queen. The one field considered particularly fertile for "Catholic studies" was that of social sciences, and the University made its own contribution to the elaboration of that "social doctrine of the Church" which in the years before World War II came to look so remarkably like Mussolini's corporative state, and which since then has turned out to be far more impressive on paper than as a working tool in the hands of Italy's Catholic politicians.

So far, however, there is little one can reproach the University for: the situation at Catholic universities in other parts of the world (Louvain, Nijmegen, Washington) was, in those days, more or less identical. Where the students began to object, and where their objections seem to have been entirely right, is at the time of the Vatican Council. Not only did the Sacred Heart University, unlike the others mentioned, not contribute to the preparation of the Council, not only did it assist, like the majority of Italian Catholics, almost passively at the Council discussions, but since that time, the students maintain, nothing has changed in its mentality, its methods, its programs. While Catholic universities elsewhere assumed the leadership of the renewal movement in—and in some cases even far outside—their own countries, Sacred Heart remained unchanged, again like most of the Italian Church. The only adventures it went in for were new campuses in Brescia and Piacenza, and the medical school in Rome, a multi-million dollar project which the students blame for the stiff 1967 raises in tuition.

In this respect the students' protest at the Catholic University assumes a different color from the general unrest at the universities of Italy and elsewhere. At Sacred Heart they not only want more efficient schools and more justice in society, they also want to change the Italian Church. They no longer want to be protected from the world, they want to express complete solidarity with it. They accuse the Church of being too rich and complacent, of being the ally of the powers that be against the poor, the hungry and the oppressed. As this aspect comes more to the foreground, their part in the general movement will become more specific, and their action may have a more stimulating effect on the Church in their country than Sacred Heart University ever had in its history.

In the eyes of the University's administrators, the ideas and the behavior of the students are not in accordance with Catholic principles—a dangerous accusation, for the University statutes make it a sufficient ground for expulsion. So far all expulsions on this ground have been followed by new waves of strikes and sit-ins. As the intransigence of the leaders on both sides increases, a growing number of teachers and students that through mounting pressure on their part, the parties seems to grow weary of the situation. It must be hoped may come, not to a capitulation on either side, but to a dialogue, with the aim of changing the university. For if the Italian Catholics of the twenties were in need of a university of their own, those of the sixties and seventies may need it even more: a national Catholic University, capable of giving leadership to the Italian Church in its laborious search for renewal.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar, a native of the Netherlands, is a free-lance writer living in Rome.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEAD START TO NOWHERE

Unhappy fate for a popular program

MAURICE R. BERUBE

The Nixon administration has delivered a near fatal blow to former President Lyndon Johnson's already ailing Great Society. With deliberate and precise aim, the new government has shot down the prize eagle of Great Society programs: Head Start, pre-school education serving nearly three-quarters of a million children of the poor. Taking advantage of a year-long government study —conducted jointly by Westinghouse Learning Corporation and Ohio University—entitled "The Impact of Head Start" which dismissed it as ineffective, the President delivered the *coup de grace* by branding the four-year-old program "experimental" and "extremely weak."

That was no easy feat. No program has proved more popular with either the American people or Congress. Next to the ritual funding of Hoover's FBI, no other agency has been more blessed with ample moneys enthusiastically supplied. Last year, for example, over 193 million dollars was spent on full-year instruction for a quarter of a million poor pre-schoolers, and 91 million dollars was spent on summer instruction for a half million poor pre-schoolers. Those figures are more impressive on a per pupil basis: Over $1,000 was given for the instruction of each Head Start pupil in a full year program, which compares favorably with the most expensive private nursery or Montessori school that costs an average $600. And $200 was spent on each poor youngster in the eight-week summer program.

Why was Head Start so favored of Great Society programs? In part, Head Start's popularity reflected the near-religious belief of Americans that education can solve all of life's problems, particularly poverty. Therefore, the more education the better. Also, among educators, academics and policymakers Head Start enjoyed an uncommonly high regard as a brilliant and revolutionary idea. That it certainly was. For Head Start changed not only the shape of American education, but the relationship of government and the academy from which the idea derived. It was Benjamin Bloom in his book published in 1964, *Stability and Change in Human Characteristics*, who presented hard evidence validating Maria Montessori's insight of fifty years ago that a child's early years are crucial in learning. According to Bloom, a child develops half of his intelligence by age four, and eighty percent by age eight. Consequently, the sooner the poor youngster could be exposed to the classroom the greater the chance he could be redeemed from a life of poverty. How better to break the "poverty cycle" than by giving him a "head start" in the educational race, and eventually, a passport into a meritocratic society?

Head Start symbolized social engineering at its best, and the Johnson government took full credit for pioneering a small-scale educational revolution. Except for the Montessori renaissance of the 1950's initiated by Nancy Rambusch, few American pre-schools offered more than havens where Junior primarily "socialized" and learned to get along with his peers. Head Start changed all that by giving a government imprimatur to intellectual pre-schools, so that in a few short years the American nursery school began offering the semblance of a learning experience.

Paradoxically, the Nixon government has not retreated from the concept of early education. Rather, in his message to Congress last February, the President knowing in advance of the Westinghouse report, called

MAURICE R. BERUBE *is a staff associate at the Institute for Community Studies at Queens College in New York.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a "national commitment" to an early "intervention" approach for a "healthful and stimulating development during the first five years of life." Nixon's early intervention approach merely extends the Head Start idea downwards. According to Nixon and his advisors on poverty and education—chief of whom is urban affairs specialist, Daniel Patrick Moynihan—Head Start is already too late in treating three, four, and five-year-olds. Poverty must be combated at the roots, in the very cradle. There is some substance to this view, although the dismissal of Head Start seems completely unwarranted.

For the Westinghouse report by no means tells us anything we have not already known for some time. Essentially, the report states that "the Head Start children could not be said to be *appreciably* different from their peers in most aspects of cognitive and affective development measured in this study, with the exception of the slight but nonetheless significant superiority of full-year Head Start children on the measures of cognitive development." And from this backward glance the report questionably condemns Head Start as a colossal failure.

Yet we have known Head Start pupils did not perform well in regular public schools. *But we also knew Head Start pupils made substantial gains, which were later dissipated in the regular public schools.* A much more limited study conducted by Dr. Max Wolff of the Center for Urban Education over three years ago documented the gains and losses of the Head Starters in transferring from the pre-school to the public school. Most educators interpreted Wolff's study to imply that the public schools were at fault by offering a deadening experience to the Head Start pupil. With this in mind, the Johnson administration overcame the internecine bickering of the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Office of Education long enough to devise a program, Follow Through, which would preserve the gains of Head Start. By pouring money into imaginative programs in the early school years, perhaps the momentum of the Head Start experience could be sustained.

Why then should the new government encourage a study to more fully document one part of Wolff's finding? Certainly, one must hold the new government suspect, particularly since the Westinghouse report seems tailor-made for the conservative ideas of the President and advisor Moynihan. Critics have rightfully scorned the thrust of the Report, an "ex post facto" study that would do no more than explore "to what degree (Head Start) has had psychological and intellectual impact on children that has *persisted* into the primary grades" (my emphasis). In measuring after-effects in a different environment after a substantial period of time, the Westinghouse investigators were stacking the deck against Head Start. All the more reason for doubt, critics blasted the design and thrust of the study in addition to its statistical presentations and interpretations. One statistical consultant to the study, Dr. William G. Madow of Stanford University, underwent a change of heart concerning its sincerity and resigned in protest. And HEW Secretary Robert Finch, disputing the President, challenged not only the Westinghouse statistics but "the basis of the report."

Nevertheless, the Westinghouse report purports to be the final word on Head Start. Although the report-writers hedged somewhat on the limits of the study, they still gave the distinct impression of providing a "nationwide assessment of Head Start." And that assessment—"the success of (Head Start) has not yet been clearly established"—has a definitive ring about it. In its survey of 104 Head Start center children, the report omits consideration of the benefits of medical and nutritional care which forms an important part of Head Start. Instead, the report examines intellectual effects, making its conclusions all the more devastating. The investigators for the report found the Head Start pupils in public schools were not any more proficient in language development, learning readiness, academic achievement, positive self-concept, desire for achievement, attitudes toward school, home, peers and society than those children not having been exposed to the Head Start experience. Despite this leveling of Head Start, the Westinghouse report cites —somewhat paradoxically—the benefit to some black children in the cities and the Southeast who retained sufficient though small advances, which "*were* statistically significant and indicated that the program evidently had some limited effect on one of the most deprived groups in our society."

Contrary to such detrimental findings, however, the report recommends only mild changes. Summer programs, having the least lasting effect, should be phased out, and those funds transferred to the full-year programs, in the hope these could be made more effective. Since most Head Starters are in the summer programs, only 91,000 additional pupils would be added to the year programs, reducing by more than half the number served from some 700,000 to 300,000. And with the President and his top aides accepting the Westinghouse report as the grist for public policy, one can expect Congress to take its funding signal from the White House.

Yet the Westinghouse report carefully refrains from recanting the principle of early education. Rather at two significant junctures the report reinforces the Head Start idea. First, the report considers the near-impossibility of making educational rescues of the uneducated poor in later years. ". . . This does not deny," the report states, "that with appropriate strategies this brain development could not be fostered at a later time even though it ordinarily occurs early. The cost and effort of later intervention might prove to be greater, however, because of reinforced cumulative deficit over the years. . . ." In this respect, the Westinghouse researchers should have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versed themselves with the remediation efforts of Army teachers who have transformed functional illiterates into competent technicians.

And the report incorporates the Nixon "early intervention" plan. It advocates this "intervention program (which) might begin prenatally, with education and medical help to the mother, followed by a program of infant education for the first two years, then by a two-year Head Start program, and ultimately by a suitable kindergarten and elementary school experience, all articulated and operating as part of one system." A most laudable approach, but one certainly not justified by the findings of the report. But the gospel of education seems hard to dispel.

It is difficult to believe that the Nixon early intervention program will be any more successful than was Head Start in having permanent effect. Head Start sufficiently prepared its pupils for regular schools; one need now is to prepare the public schools. Certainly, the Westinghouse report is not a reliable evaluation of Head Start. Like Head Start, many capable public school teachers have sufficiently improved the performances of their pupils only to see their efforts later nullified in other classes and other schools. One need only consult Herbert Kohl's *36 Children*, recounting the experiences of one Harlem teacher, to see how the public school is so organized to present a deadening experience. Kohl taught his class so well they performed at twice their expected capacity; yet in the next two years all was wiped out in other classes, and the pupils defeated by a callous bureaucratic structure. The Westinghouse report argues that if Head Starters had performed well until regular schooling, the difference should have been greater in the first than the second grade, a hardly plausible reply to the charge that it is the public schools which have failed and not Head Start.

That is not to say the first five-year approach, properly funded, should be dismissed. But it seems a poor substitute for improving the regular public schools. And in this respect, the new Administration would be wise to heed another government report—one commissioned by the President on educational policies and headed by Carnegie Corporation's Alan Pifer—which urges the President to listen to the demands of black public school clients to restructure the public schools. It is an issue, Pifer counseled, "on which (the new Administration will) have to take a position." What hope there is in helping the children of the poor through schooling lies with changing the educational climate of public schools. Otherwise, whatever the good intentions of the Nixon "national commitment" to early education, those efforts will be predestined to failure. And the Westinghouse report may merely become a primer on how best to scuttle a popular and sound government program.

The challenge to Christian-Jewish relations

ACROSS A DEEP CANYON

JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI

The deicide controversy of Vatican II is a dead issue. And it is now obvious that this issue is rather simple next to the complexity of the problems that presently face Christians. While the deicide matter was hotly debated at the Council, the problems surrounding the discussion were more practical and political than theological. Several scripture scholars and historians, both Christian and Jewish, have shown fairly conclusively that the charge was unjustified in view of the biblical and historical data at hand.

The theological problem which comes to the fore at this moment cannot be demolished so easily. In fact, the documents available to us, principally the New Testament, reinforce the Christian's traditional position. The issue simply put is: How can a Christian consider Judaism today as a valid religion when his whole theological tradition beginning with the New Testament maintains that Christianity has superseded Judaism, that it is the fulfillment and completion of Judaism. The covenant, Israel, Moses, the Scriptures now belong to Christianity. The Church possesses the new covenant and reads the New Testament; she calls herself the New Israel and describes Christ as the new Moses. What value, what place, does "old" Israel have in Christian theology?

Generally none. It has served its purpose, in many ways unfaithfully. For the Gentiles, not "old" Israel, make up the bulk of the "new" Israel. In so many Christian overtures to Jews in this ecumenical age this problem is simply unrealized or ignored by the Christian community. Christian-Jewish relations today are often marked by much good-will, but unwitting superficiality as

FATHER JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI, O.S.M., *a member of the Catholic Theological Union in Chicago, has been involved in coordinating programs in Jewish education for religion teachers in Chicago.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well. The central assumptions of Christian faith and theology, the very definition of Christianity and its faith, both Christologically and eschatologically, are so formulated as to make these overtures theological contradictions and to deprive Judaism of its vocation and mission. These contradictions and this superficiality are painfully evident both to traditional Jews like Dr. Eliezar Berkovits and Rabbi Soloveitchek and to highly sophisticated "modern" Jews like Emil Fackenheim or Leo Strauss. These Jews are not convinced that the present age of ecumenism will not dissolve once more into the conversion-persecution approach.

Ecumenically minded Christians may be somewhat disturbed at this apparent lack of trust by many Jews; but these people know the pattern of past history too well. Ours is not the first example of improved Christian-Jewish relations, though it is without doubt the most widespread. My friend Dr. Rylaarsdam of the University of Chicago tells the story of the wife of a prominent Milwaukee rabbi who remarked to him, "I just dread the day when the reaction to the current wave of Christian 'goodwill' towards the Jews will set in."

I have written elsewhere (*Reconstructionist,* Oct. 20, 1967) of the need to reassure the Jewish community that the present attempts at ecumenism are not a disguised and subtle form of proselytizing. In the same article I expressed disappointment that, while the Pope was able to publicly ask forgiveness of the Protestant community for past injustices, he failed to do anything similar with regard to the Jews where the record is far worse. I still consider these points important. But I have come to realize over the past months that all this would be in vain unless the theological problem is confronted head-on by Christians. Jews cannot possibly feel comfortable as long as the contradictions exist between contemporary Christian actions and theology. For the Christian "evaporation" theology vis-a-vis Judaism is continually proclaimed to the Christian community at large in a solemn manner during the course of liturgical readings. Too much insistence on the fact that conversion is not really the goal of present-day ecumenism can reach that point when Jews may just begin wondering about such denials. What do they really mean? Is the Christian slip showing? Nor is it sufficient to say that the anti-Judaism of the past was really the work of people Christian in name only. This would be an awful example of self-righteousness, and many Jews still would question whether present attitudes are genuinely any different as long as contradictions remain in our theology and action.

The theological reformulation of Christianity that does not automatically leave Judaism an old wine sack is no easy task, for it involves breaking with biblical tradition to some extent. It is true that going back to the New Testament and to the literature contemporary with it will be of some help. We can point to the fact that Peter and some of the apostles continued to attend the synagogue after the resurrection; that the Bible for the early Church was the Greek translation of the Hebrew Bible, that the Hebrew Bible is never called the "old" Testament in the New Testament, that the type of interpretation of the Hebrew Bible used by the New Testament writers is *in principle* not vastly different from that employed by many of the rabbis and the Qumran authors, or that Jesus was in the Mishnaic tradition, as Rabbi Arthur Gilbert pointed out in an article in *Encounter Today,* when he heaped criticism upon the hypocrisy of some in the synagogue since rabbinic Judaism itself used such blistering language about some of the Pharisees on occasion.

Yet, though such biblical and historical research is important, I fail to see that it will provide us with sufficient grounds for the type of reinterpretation needed today if Christian-Jewish dialogue is to mature. It is no good to say we will simply overlook certain passages of the New Testament as reflecting a later stage of hostility between church and synagogue due to proselytizing campaigns by both. Such an approach might be of some help with regard to more overt anti-Judaic statements in the New Testament. For in the problem of the theological attitude towards Judaism we are not simply dealing with John's use of the term "Jews" or the "brood of vipers" description of the Pharisees. Even if these more hostile passages could somehow be changed or eliminated on the basis of sound scholarship, the theology of the New Testament as a whole remains logically opposed to the ongoing validity of Judaism. And in this case not even an appeal to the primitive apostolic preaching as a criterion will help. For even there, as is evident from the Acts of the Apostles, the *new* Moses and the *new* Israel stand out. Even Paul's reflections in Romans 9-11 are inadequate, I am afraid.

An Impossible Dilemma?

Are we then faced with an impossible dilemma? Must we say the role of Judaism in the Christian era is a mystery that will only become clear in the end-time? This is not sufficient answer from the contemporary Church. The principal criterion for an affirmation of the validity of Judaism as a living, faithful religion has to be the testimony of history since the biblical period and primarily our own experience, even if we cannot yet translate that experience into a fully logical framework. Some may call this a reckless approach. In view of the history of Christian anti-Semitism, is a bit of 'recklessness' too much to ask? Have not some of the leading Christian theologians been saying in the abstract that theology must begin with human experience? A redefinition of the Christian approach to Judaism is perhaps our first genuine concrete test of commitment to such a theological methodology. For as the Christian and Jewish communities have emerged from their respective ghettos in the last century or so through the Spirit-led forces of history, have we not found that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the old views, though rooted in Scripture itself, cannot remain as they are?

It should be noted that this approach to biblical tradition is not as new as it may seem. It is basically the Pharisaic approach of the oral and written law. And both the Christian and the Jewish communities of our time are really descendants of the Pharisees. Scripture scholars like Frederick Grant have pointed out many of the Pharisaic roots of Jesus and Paul. With the victories of the Romans over the Jewish rebels in 70 and 135 A.D., only the Pharisaic strain survived in Judaism. So, as the Pharisees of old, we will not try to "clean-up" the biblical

texts, but we will accept them as an expression of our brothers in faith, expressions which God's word to us in our own time has shown to be inadequate. There exist no clear-cut scientific principles for the application of the theory of the oral law. In our hearts, however, we know that a change in the case of Christianity's attitude towards Judaism is an imperative of our time. But then, as Pascal put it, "the heart has reasons which reason does not know." In our search for new models by which to express the relationship between Judaism and Christianity can we not look upon them as two "schools" of modern-day Pharisaism? They may differ in their interpretations of the oral law, as did various schools in times past. But they can still accept each other as faithful brothers of the one Father, as both sharing in the same basic covenant, however "covenant" is to be interpreted. I personally am not happy with the "double" covenant theory that originated with Franz Rosenzweig because it still leaves too much of a dichotomy between Judaism and Christianity.

A particular aspect of the fundamental Christian theological problem in regard to Judaism centers around the State of Israel and religious perspectives. Most Christians do not appreciate the effect of the June '67 war upon the Jewish consciousness, both Israeli and diaspora, and the deep disappointment felt by many Jews over the limited support of Israel by organized Christianity. As one speaker said at the UAHC biennial in Montreal, Zionism/anti-Zionism, once a burning issue in American Judaism, is practically dead as a result of the war. Jews throughout the world have once again become aware of their peoplehood and attachment to the land. Some have suggested this response stems from a guilt feeling on the part of American Jews for not doing enough during the Nazi period. There is no doubt, said novelist Elie Wiesel at Montreal, that Auschwitz and June '67 are intimately connected. It has become apparent to Jewish leaders that, in spite of the increased contacts between Jews and Christians since Vatican II, Christians do not understand how deeply ingrained is the notion of peoplehood in Judaism. Part of the blame for this, these Jewish leaders will admit, falls on their shoulders for avoiding this subject in past discussions.

Ecumenism with Jews is different from ecumenism with any group. Christians dialoguing with Jews will be dealing with a *people* whose faith in ecumenism has been shattered to a greater or lesser degree by the Christian response to June '67. Certainly the majority of Jews previously involved in conversations with Christians want it to continue. In fact, they feel it is even more urgent than before. Rabbi Balfour Brickner, chairman of the Interreligious Affairs Commission of the UAHC, said in a talk that "despite disappointment with the initial reaction of organized American Christendom [to the June war] the American Jew cannot survive nor seek to survive in this radically new society of ours by remaining aloof from the larger community of which we are a part." He warned against any creeping sense of triumphalism among American Jews. And Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath, president of UAHC, insisted in his state of the union address in Montreal that Jews cannot turn their backs on ecumenism after the June war as if the Church had re-instituted the Inquisition and the pogroms or had dispatched all Jewry to the gas ovens. Recently Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum and his assistant in the Interreligious Affairs Department of the American Jewish Committee, Judith Banki, have tried to show through documentation that Christian support for Israel's right to exist was more widespread than many Jews seem to admit.

A Christian may argue that many Jews overreacted to the lack of Christian support in June '67, that it was too much to expect support from the American Catholic hierarchy as a whole or the National Council of Churches when Jews themselves know how difficult it can be to pass a resolution through a group such as the UAHC, that many Christians promoting peace in Vietnam simply did not know how to react to war in another part of the world. There is probably a measure of truth in all these assertions. But all of them miss some very important implications of what happened in June '67. Christians cannot tell the Jews to demythologize Israel, as one Christian scripture scholar told me recently. Jews are not totally unaware of the dangers involved in mixing politics and religion. Rabbi Eisendrath, for example, quoted with approval at Montreal a statement of Dr. John Bennett of Union Theological Seminary that cautions Jews against falling into the type of religious nationalism that "had many times deflected the prophetic judgment of Chris-

(Continued on page 318)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Edsel for which it is now impossible to get s

THE SAD, SLOW DEATH OF

DORIS GRUMBACH

In most moderately-sized United States cities which serve as diocesan seats, there stands a cathedral. Once it may well have been the delight and pride of immigrants who were reminded by it of European grandeur, who saw in its gilt and decorative elegance a preview of heavenly structures. The cathedral was both church for a great central-city parish and house for important occasional diocesan functions: the yearly reception of nuns, the June ordination of priests, the elevation of a bishop once or twice in a generation, a pontifical high mass now and then.

Now, if the cathedral in the diocese in which I live is typical, and there is mounting evidence that it is, the parish which once supported it may well have departed, along with their prosperous Protestant brethren, to the greener fields of the suburbs. The cathedral is an enormous, lumpy, architecturally inept building once regarded as fine; but, to the modern eye, an indistinguished cross between American gothic and the red sandstone Victorian factories of Hudson River manufacturing towns. It occupies an acre or two of prime mid-city land. Its twin spires soar in violent contrast to the new State towers mushrooming up all around it, and the modern housing, community, and office complexes built by the State to rejuvenate the entire central city.

A few years ago, when the State bought the land on which the cathedral's old redstone rectory stood, the parish erected a flat, vaguely modern two-story rectangle, with the traditional separate apartments for the pastor and his assistants, a large, seldom-used "common room," a housekeeper's apartment, dining area and kitchen, and the inevitable dreary "appointment rooms," little cubicles furnished grimly with hard chairs, plaster statues, old copies of *The Missions,* and, on the walls, violent rotogravures of Pius XII and our Bishop. Like almost all other rectories everywhere, it is a fortress against popular invasion, guarded by a Cerebus-like housekeeper, a fastness for priests in a deteriorating and unsavory neighborhood.

Of course one knows that the case for the past is a strong one. To many older persons the cathedral must represent many fond memories. Generations of parishioners regard it with real affection laced with undeniable nostalgia. There is in print an ornate record of 100 years of the history of the cathedral—its rectors, vicar-generals, and chancellors, its priests ordained there—and a page of the thick volume is given over to the "sacrifices" of the laity, their "labors and financial resources," the fervent "prayer" of others of "humble station and slender resources."

To the hard, unsentimental eye of the present, however, it is a mammoth, outdated monument to the old concept of "a sacred place." It looms over a departed population, rendering only limited service to the lives of its few remaining familes. It is a costly symbol of past worships and congregations, patterns of urban life that no longer exist, an Edsel for which it is now impossible to get spare parts. It marks only the cruel passage of time.

At one time—from the day the city first became the center of a diocese in 1847 through the flourishing, immigrant years that followed—perhaps a thousand or more families, Irish, Italian, and Polish, flocked to the cathedral parish, enjoying the awesome reverberations of its excellent organ, the panoply of Sunday-morning high mass at which, in 1927, seventy-two red-bowed and surpliced little boys filled the sanctuary after a long, solemn procession.

At that time, what is more, within an area of twenty city blocks three more Catholic churches served the rapidly growing population, each with its own school. Today, all are in financial straits, all have the same grades, and all duplicate each other's facilities as well as those of Cathedral School. Now there coexists, right on the cathedral's turf, a growing

Bob Paley

non-Catholic, mos
poor, population, p
students who live
The daytime popu
struction workers w
the State complex
20,000 civil-service

Sounds are ech
Daily mass has ei
pews which can a
evening mass has a
evenings on which
lous Medal is offere
lous mass one-fourt

Nothing goes on
The neighborhood is
and most older, fait
venture out. Doors
after the novena at
a week. Nothing else

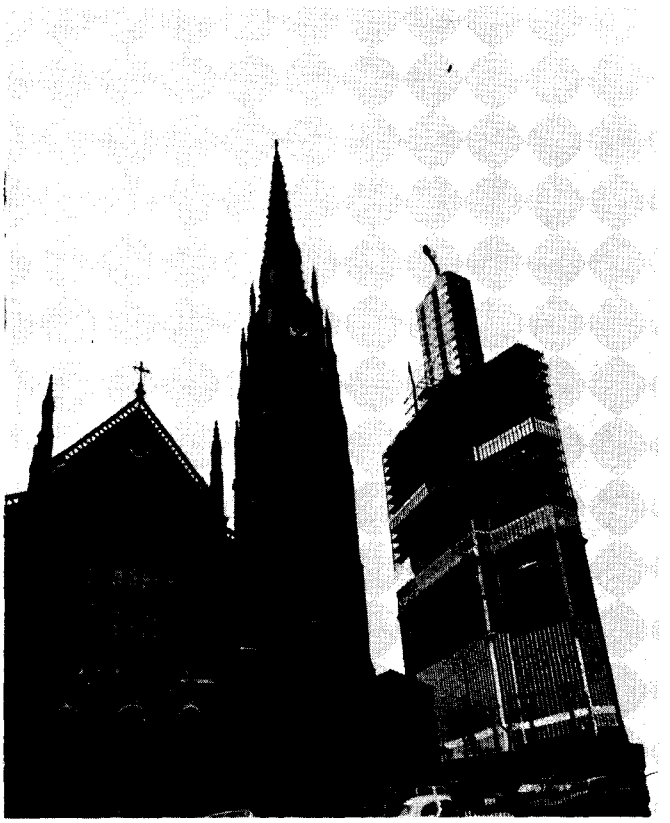
What is to be don

DORIS GRUMBACH, *author and essayist, teaches literature at The College of St. Rose in Albany.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urts

CATHEDRAL



ck and uniformly
w residents, mostly
r financial reasons.
s now 7,000 con-
l be followed, once
ıed, by more than
's.
the old building.
twelve persons in
odate 1,800; daily
40, a few more on
ena to the Miracu-
unday's most popu-
e pews are filled.
cathedral at night.
led as "dangerous,"
arishioners will not
, lights shut down
seven, one evening

at shall the diocese, its people, the parish and its few remaining retainers, do now? The cost of a solution may be considerable, and we may need help —civic help, state help, help from other denominations, help from concerned private citizens—but consider the following propositions:

1. Take the Cathedral down, saving whatever has historical or sentimental value, and scrapping the rest.

2. Build in its place a multi-purpose church and neighborhood center, using as our guiding concept an expandable central core, a building that will admit a large congregation when required or, closed off, may be used by a small (early morning?) group needing only a table.

3 Make the "sacred place" so flexible that it can be used by any religious group wishing to worship there, or by any two or three wishing to worship together, ecumenically, or with us, remembering all the faiths that will be represented in the new State complex.

4. Provide neighborhood space for inner-city kids and adolescents, and for the many State University, medical, and law school students who room in the area. This means, say, bowling alleys, a swimming pool, pool tables, ping-pong and badminton facilities, meeting rooms for youth groups, a coffee house in the cellar for rock and soul groups, for poets and the neighborhood hippies who hang around on the periphery of the cathedral area.

5. Provide a place where the parents of the black students we are now educating can come together for adult-education facilities in the evening, self-directed and self-determined, and where young black actors can have a place to rehearse and perform.

6 Provide for the neighborhood's many lonely and single men and women, middle-aged and elderly: card rooms, a place to watch films, a room with comfortable chairs and an oversized TV screen, a small paperback library with comfortable reading facilities. (To know how much this last item is needed, visit any big-city library some evening and notice the number of elderly persons sitting on hard chairs, even standing when they are all occupied, reading the day's papers and current magazines, keeping warm and looking about for someone to talk to.)

7. Make available some public rest room, with *free* toilets. Dorothy Day has pointed out how lacking many cities in America are in such ordinary amenities. Let us have a clean place for needy transients to take a shower and have a shave, and let's have an inexpensive, unpretentious, cheerful-looking cafeteria staffed by local people, a place that is pleasant enough to attract the lonely-crowd, inner-city solitaries to eat here in community.

8. Devote some of the space, some evenings in the week, to a real concern for continuing adult education, with some audio-visual equipment to make Christian education interesting, even exciting.

9. Include some beds for "knights of the road" passing through the city, and for the city's temporarily homeless. In short, let's make the center parish something more than church, school, cemetery. It is possible that it may in time become the living, Christian center of the secular city.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tians." Nonetheless Jews remain a people tied to the land, not to religious shrines or holy places. And this tie cannot be simply in the abstract. But in the realm of concrete life no such tie can exist apart from political structures. Christians can certainly warn the Jews about mistakes they themselves have made in the past. They can re-echo the warnings of the prophets. But Christians cannot really expect Jews to listen to such advice unless they first of all show sensitivity to the fact that Jews by tradition are not concerned primarily with holy places, but about *Eretz Israel*. Should the new theology of the world not make the Christian today more sympathetic to this Jewish phenomenon? Or has the recent theology of the world in Christian circles been nothing more than abstract speculation? If Christians want to speak about the kingdom of God upon earth, they have to speak of a kingdom that must involve political realities given the dangers this involves.

There is another reason why Christians should take notice of the reaction of American Jewry towards Christianity after the Middle East crisis. Perhaps some Jews failed to do justice to the actual amount of Christian support for Israel, especially on the grass roots level. Perhaps they exaggerated the significance of institutionalized Christian response in view of the attitudes that prevail in many sectors of Christianity towards the establishment. But the reaction and uneasiness, even among those who staunchly defended interreligious involvement for Jews, betray, it seems to me, a connection with the basic theological contradictions mentioned earlier. The reaction as a result of the war was at least in part a reaction against these contradictions as much as against lack of support for Israel. Many Jews still wonder if Christian ecumenism is "for real." The Arab-Israeli conflict provided the opportunity for bringing this speculation to the surface.

Two further considerations deserve Christian attention following the Six-Day War. The first is political: Why has the Vatican never formally recognized the State of Israel? The other is moral: Sitting back in an easy chair, many of us "liberal" Christians read Lewy and Zahn and shake our heads over the apparent blindness and lack of courage of the German Church. Has our reaction been any different? It is easy to speculate on what we would have done if we had lived in Nazi Germany. But had we been there, would we have been able to find "Arab refugee" or "peace in Vietnam" excuses of a different sort? I was personally asked by Jewish friends to write to government officials in support of Israel's right to exist. I did not. In my mind there was doubt about certain aspects of Israeli policy and practices. As I look back, I realize I was wrong in not acting, however correct my doubts might have been. I fear I was falling into the type of Christian morality that demands clarity and certainty before action. I wanted to have things perfectly logical and rational before I would risk my commitment. I have to wonder if the existential emphasis in contemporary Christian moral theory has not been until now simply book and classroom material. The question of Israel's right to survival was clear. Why could I not act on this fact rather than seek complete clarity? What would I have done in Nazi Germany? I shudder to think about it.

If Christian-Jewish relations are to gain a solid footing, the Church will have to confront, painful and difficult though it may be, the basic question of its theological attitude towards Judaism, including Jewish views of the State of Israel. Christianity and Judaism will continue to stand apart, holding hands across a deep canyon. Each will, however, recognize the other as a valid form of commitment to the Father even though the theological expression of this situation for the Christian may remain clouded for some time to come. Hopefully, as the re-Judaization of Christianity continues with the recovery of the basic Jewish themes of hope and the future, God's action in history, the goodness of creation, and a worshipping peoplehood, the gap will begin to close. If and when this is achieved, American religious pluralism may experience a new creative moment. Instead of the rather negative stress on "toleration," its hallmark up to now, we may begin a new sharing of our religious traditions, truly incorporating the Jewish heritage into the mainstream of American religious life for the first time. Such an accomplishment will be a barometer of our ability as a Western nation, with roots in Judaism and Christianity, to successfully and creatively encounter the peoples of the Eastern world.

All this will require more than a "coffee-hour" approach to ecumenism. In-depth education in Judaism is an absolute necessity for Christians. For the theological rethinking of Christianity's relationship to Judaism will require radical changes. And this cannot be done simply by mutilating biblical texts in the manner of the recent edition of the Gospel of John by Dagobert D. Runes which removes passages offensive to Jews without any regard for manuscript evidence or genuine scholarship. Will the Church have the interest and the will to undertake this task? Although there so far has not been very much enthusiasm for the task, I remain optimistic. But then I am a young man. And Ezekiel has said that young men will dream.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

LYNN WILHITE

PRAYER

Lord, if my deeds do not, deserving, plead
Then give me food because of my great need.
Pray, plant within my soul a good grain, sown
To reap a harvest rooted in the bone.
Yet, lend me daily loaf of love today
Lest, fasting late, I languish on the way.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I AM NOT PRINCE HAMLET

THE STAGE

"O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly . . . that neither having th' accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man . . . that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." When Nicol Williamson, as Hamlet, reached this line in his exhortation to the players, it sounded suddenly like an epigraph for his performance and for the whole of Tony Richardson's production.

This was supposed to be the Hamlet of this generation (so the *New York Times'* London critic insisted), but, if so, it is a judgment on the generation. Williamson's face in the ads, tough, intense, unshaven, promised to spare us the pale and wan Hamlet of cartoon fame. And kept that promise—by giving us no Hamlet at all, or one so eccentric, such a mixture of good and ludicrous moments, that I almost regretted the passing of the good old stereotype. The expectation that I brought to the theater lasted undiminished through the barely audible opening scene, carried me into the court scene where I expected a presence to give focus to the pick-up-cast that hid Shakespeare's exposition. Where was this Hamlet? Lurking stage right, invisible in his customary suit of solemn black, lost in John Gleason's incredible lighting, Williamson finally edged on stage, emerged only because Patrick Wymark's dumpling Claudius reminded us that he existed. Why was he kneeling? What was that diploma he was handing his mother? Oh, yes, directorial balance. A brother to the document Laertes had just thrust on Claudius (unnecessarily: the request is in the lines), permission to return to Wittenberg to match Laertes' leave for France. Finally, his first line. "A little more than kin, and less than kind!" A throw-away line? Well, maybe—for Hamlet, but for the actor?

Williamson got to his feet, stood stock-still so that we could get a good look at him while his royal elders lectured Hamlet on the decorum of mourning and he moved warily through the "I know not 'seems' " speech. What happened to that strong, commanding, yet tormented face from the ads? This was a gangly Hamlet, uncomfortably leggy in his black tights, topped with a vulnerable bearded face that looked like a cross between the Shakespeare pictured in the First Folio and the kind of Sunday-school-paper Jesus that gave rise to Alexander Portnoy's description of "the pansy of Palestine." At last, everyone was off-stage but Hamlet, and Williamson got to do the first of the too familiar soliloquies. Not one to "saw the air too much," Williamson held his arms rigidly to his sides, his head moving as though it were not attached to his black-covered body, as though it were thrust from the mouth of a jug, like the characters in Samuel Beckett's *Play*. What Williamson wanted to suggest, I assume, was that this Hamlet was so trapped in his situation, so oppressed that his body became a prison, like Denmark, and held him rigidly. Instead, I was reminded of a child giving a formal recitation or—since his legs did move nervously—those awful Boy Scout ceremonies in which, our itching legs writhing in knee socks, we recited, "A scout is . . ."

It would be unfair to Williamson to suggest that his performance was all of a piece. There were moments, whole passages, in which he made the lines his own, gave them a kind of force that kept them from sounding like copybook quotations. Yet, even the good things could not save the performance. His delivery began to be too familiar. He would move gingerly into a long speech, hesitating as though to get the feel and taste of it, and, then, begin to accelerate, hurrying through the lines as though some force were driving him. It was that force that the audience needed to understand, to recognize, to respond to, but it never became clear, never seemed more than an actor's device. He had two main styles, the rigid one described in the paragraph above and a nervous, explosive kind of movement, as though incipient hysteria forced jagged words and gestures from him. Implicit in that combination is one idea of Hamlet, one that reduces the prince to his symptoms. When Ophelia had to say, "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," I glanced around to see who she could have meant, what courtier, soldier, scholar.

Finally, of course, not even the bundle of symptoms could survive. The production, at once gimmicky and dull, killed the little life still left in the Dane. Granted that the old king's ghost is a problem for any director, but did it help to make him into a disembodied voice, all electronic throb, like a Japanese monster movie orchestrated by the Katimavik composer from Montreal's Expo 67. Admitted that Laertes and Ophelia are loving siblings, but does that excuse turning their Act-One farewell into a paddling love scene which ended on "recks not his own rede" with Ophelia grabbing her brother by the crotch. Accepted that Claudius and Gertrude are a lusty couple and Polonius an old bore, but do those facts really call for a necking scene between the royal couple while Polonius tries to explain the motive in their son's madness.

If all this directorial messing about had added up to something, it might have been forgivable, but no sense of the play emerged, not even one based on some assumption about the tactility of Danes. The political play was cut away completely, most of the material about Fortinbras (Hamlet's active other image) having been discarded, which meant that the power motive for Claudius' fears of Hamlet and Laertes was reduced to almost nothing. We were left then with isolated good moments, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there were few enough of them, aside from Williamson's occasional flashes and the garrulous fun Mark Dignam got out of Polonius. The performances were dull and perfunctory for the most part, which was doubly disappointing in the cases of Roger Livesey and Constance Cummings, both of whom I have greatly admired in other times, other media. So piecemeal a production could not, of course, hope to create any momentum. Compared, say, to the Guthrie-Grizzard *Hamlet* (Minneapolis, 1963), which, for all its faults, captured the relentless rush that Shakespeare built into the last third of his play, this is a meandering *Hamlet,* unraveling in so poky a fashion that I wanted to shout, "Drink the poision," so we could get on with it.

Even the theater and the audience worked against the production. The auditorium and the stage were both too big for this *Hamlet* and there had obviously been insufficient preparation to house it. The place had not even been swept properly. Early in the play, Hamlet turned quickly in search of his father's ghost, and his dragging cloak raised a dust storm. By the time one costume after another had trailed through the muck, the haze was so thick and so emphasized by Gleason's unyielding use of spots, that Hamlet, in the closet scene, could step back to see who was dead behind the arras and disappear like one of the Joads on a windy morning. The audience was as foul as the atmosphere. More than the usual number of boors stumbled in late and there was a continuous conversational murmur, some of it sadly coming from the second-night press, competing with the whispers on stage. I began by being annoyed by and embarrassed for this American audience, but as the English goods on stage came to look shoddier and shoddier, I relented. Late in the evening, when a gent at the other end of my row began to snore noisily, I said, to myself of course, "I'm with you." (*At the Lunt Fontanne Theatre*)

GERALD WEALES

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

THE SCREEN

Since the only pets I had in my childhood were turtles (except for one Easter chick that grew to be a tough old hen) I have never been overly fond of animals. I like an occasional trip to the zoo; but my friends' pets usually leave me cold. It isn't that I really dislike their cats or dogs, but it's people-*with*-animals and their love-me, love-my-pets attitude that drives me up the wall—especially when the cats or dogs, discovering my coolness, make a beeline right for me. So I was all the more surprised that I rather enjoyed three new movies all of which are about boys (some grown but still boyish) and their various pets. Among their many assets these films have lovely color photography of their locales and a fine back-to-nature feel with a breath of fresh air that is welcome in these days when our screens are dominated by curious yellows, blues and unnatural purples. Furthermore, one big advantage of these movies is that the parents who take their kids to them may very likely enjoy them as much as the young fry.

"My Side of the Mountain," produced by Robert B. Radnitz whose "A Dog of Flanders" and "Misty" were winners a few years ago, tells the story of a 13-year-old boy who runs away from his home in Toronto into the woods of the Laurentians to prove he can live alone, like his adored Thoreau, and provide for himself. His experiences are fascinating, and thanks to director James B. Clark, cinematographer Denys Coop, and, of course the manly young fellow who plays the lead, Ted Eccles, the day-to-day incidents are convincing and sometimes awe-inspiring. Most exciting are the episodes in connection with the boy's capturing and training a young falcon, but the boy's daily routine with his pet raccoon, his experiments with algae for food, his comfortable tree house, his appreciation of a visitor when a wandering folk singer (Theodore Bikel) turns up, and his continuing growth in self-reliance, all hold one's attention. It is the folk singer who finally makes the boy aware of his responsibility toward his frantically worried parents. So at Christmas time, the boy wends his way through the snow toward home. This homecoming is not shown, so we never know if the parents pat him on the back for proving his ability or give him a sound spanking for the worry he caused them.

In "Run Wild, Run Free," it is probably the parents who need the spanking, but once more, the film itself should appeal to young and old. Perhaps youngsters will not understand all the psychological implications of this story about 10-year-old Philip who cannot (or will not) talk but seems to have an affinity for animals, especially a beautiful, blue-eyed white colt that eventually has much to do with the boy's growth. The screenplay, written by David Rook from his own novel *The White Colt*, doesn't explain Philip's problem, but the script is extremely well done; and the good cast has been excellently directed by Richard C. Sarafian. Mark Lester, who has already become famous in the title role of "Oliver!", is quite touching as the shy, sensitive, retarded Philip; and even if young audiences don't understand his not talking they will appreciate the absorbing scenes in which John Mills, as a neighboring Moorman, teaches him to train a falcon and more importantly to ride the white colt so skillfully. Gordon Jackson and Sylvia Syms are excellent as Philip's parents who don't understand the boy at all; this mother who smothers her child with love and protection and is impatient with the clinics who have not cured him, and this father who is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even more impatient with the boy and resents the outdoorsy Moorman to whom Phil is attracted. The very fact that his parents bicker so much would be enough to drive Philip to prefer to run wild on the plains and hills of this attractive Dartmoor country in western England. Also more companionable and seemingly more understanding are a neighboring farmer (Bernard Miles) and his young daughter (pretty Fiona Fullerton) who gives Phil the falcon and becomes his playmate. Although the solution to Philip's difficulties seems a bit obvious, these scenes at the climax have tremendous suspense involving all the characters around a bog where the white colt is caught in the mire. The whole of "Run Wild, Run Free" fits its title, and if it teaches kids (and adults) anything, it is that nature can be cruel—as well as beautiful.

Perhaps "Ring of Bright Water" teaches a similar lesson, but like "Run Wild" is so entertaining while doing it that all animal-lovers should lap it up. This time a grown man falls for an animal and when his otter practically wrecks his London apartment, he decides to move with the frisky animal to Scotland. What happens is sometimes very amusing (otters are irresistible), sometimes rather annoying (Bill Travers as the author-artist-hero lets the otter rule his life), and toward the end rather sad. But producer Joseph Strick and director Jack Couffer wanted to make this film (based on Gavin Maxwell's autobiographical novel) something for kids as well as adults. So the sadness is dissipated before the finale. Travers finds himself inheriting a family of otters —and of course, there's the attractive lady-doctor (Virginia McKenna) to cheer him on through life. Playful and cute as otters are, however, please send yours out for a walk when I come to call. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Systems analysis, the Liberal Establishment, and totalitarian dystopias

Cure for Chaos

SIMON RAMO

David McKay, $3.95

THOMAS M. CONRAD

The author describes this short (116 pages) book as a primer for laymen, aimed "toward the end that the systems approach will be used properly and more rapidly to work on the very real problems with which our society is faced." Ramo, together with Dr. Dean Wooldridge, was responsible during the fifties for much of the development of systems engineering methods for weapons. This kind of expertise in military systems first began to be deflected, about a decade ago, into the space exploration market. Now that there is a prospect that both military and space markets will be drying up somewhat, it has suddenly been discovered in the past few years that the expertise developed for NASA and the military has major potential applications in domestic programs. Dr. Ramo is Vice Chairman of the board of TRW, Inc., a high-technology company which is very much in line for the new "social technology" business. This fact, taken together with a certain uncritical tone in the assessment of systems analysis (which might, to be fair, be an effect of drastic simplification for lay readers) suggests that this "primer" is perhaps offered in the spirit of advertising, or even, perhaps, as an aid to the *hoi polloi* in coming to peace with the "professionals" whose systems analyses will determine their future options and behavior.

To cut off one kind of interpretation of the remarks to follow, I should note that systems analysis constitutes a good proportion of my work, in the past, in electronics, at present, in military studies and the kind of domestic problems at which Ramo's book is aimed. It would not be necessary to preface my remarks in this way if it were not a widespread failing of high-technologists and systems analysts to browbeat laymen into silence by charges that those who question their methods, assumptions, or results are obsolete fools or Luddites. There is a concomitant attitude, particularly in the younger parts of the New Left, which is just as serious: the attitude that any kind of detailed personal knowledge is unnecessary or pernicious; that a better society can be built by mass wishing or magic rather than with the aid of instrumental knowledge.

U.S. society, and to a growing extent, Soviet society—the two post-modern societies in the world today—are beset with a disastrous separation between value and analysis, meaning and means. We have a growing group of technocratic "experts" whose personalities are so warped as to make them very effective at devising methods for accomplishing given results, but almost totally illiterate concerning basic values; and we have, in reaction, a growing group of "obstructionists" who cultivate an exquisite moral sensitivity together with an almost total ignorance and disdain for methods of realizing values in practice.

The "experts," the "professionals," concentrate upon the factual ignorance of their opponents and offer that ignorance as a reason for rule by elites, while the "obstructionists" play their own games of personal purity on the basis of a "demonic principle": that only the morally vicious can rule, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conversely, that political victory is evidence of moral impurity.

In the case of the high-technology corporations, we have a particularly clear example of the general problem of tools in search of a problem. Having built up a whole social subsystem for the military defense of the society, we must now worry about the ramifications of not simply a *reduction* in demand for its original functions, but even a *leveling-off* of demand, ramifications which go much further than narrow "economic" considerations. Bluntly put, we have several million workers whose skills are not really relevant to the kinds of productive activities involved in consumer goods, where cost is not secondary to performance; these workers are used to an unusually high standard of living; and they are not likely to be emotionally prepared—by desperation and years of attacks on self-image and status, like the chronically poor—to be displaced and forced to undergo job retraining and loss of income and status. Even aside from the large investors in the high-technology industries, the technical workers themselves have major potential political muscle; they are quite formidable enough to force the rest of the society to provide income and status supports to offset any potential losses due to a stagnation of military and space projects.

With these considerations in mind, we can already see reasons for viewing arguments like Dr. Ramo's with some cynicism. Given the economic and political pressures to "make-work" in systems syntheses, for domestic programs in lieu of continued growth in military programs, it would be naive to assume that the only, or even the primary, criterion for use of systems analysis in domestic programs would be its demonstrable utility. In fact, many of the proposed deflections of expertise into domestic programs so far suggested seem precisely wrong. It is an article of faith, for example, that the right kind of planning and action, with suitable amounts of investment, can rescue the major cities. Let us ask a naive question: are the cities worth "saving," in the sense of salvation likely to emerge from current assumptions of planning? There is massive evidence that even the most sophisticated systems approach to the cities merely extends, for a short period, the viability of urban systems which are basically headed for collapse, and that further investments will very soon reach drastically diminishing returns.

A really free systems analysis does something which Dr. Ramo, quite shockingly, does not go into in his little "primer" for laymen: it asks whether the initial goals of the project make sense. What Ramo is describing in his book is not really systems analysis; it is operations research. The difference is not academic, and in consideration of the likely motivation for writing this book, it is of central political interest: operations research, unlike systems analysis, takes the basic goals as *given*, given by the sponsor of the project. In a case such as that of the cities, the first step in a systems analysis is to challenge the idea that we need great cities at all in the historical definition, given on the one hand the technical changes which have rendered most of the positive functions of large population concentrations obsolete, and given on the other hand the technical changes which have made such concentrations increasingly dangerous to life and otherwise damaging.

Another example: much is made in this book, as in previous discussions, of the possibility of a new high-speed transportation system in the Boston-Washington strip. What for? I have seen virtually no interest in the amount of time wasted by executives in jet-set meetings; no study of the physiological and psychological damage produced by such constant meeting-hopping, and the cost in lives and ulcers to key personnel. Why is there not more interest in an alternative in which fancier electronic communications (say, closed circuit TV conference lines, with coding for security) would replace travel? After all, since our ancestors began visiting each other two million years ago, the method has always been to physically travel to a meeting place; this seems a little primitive, given the presently available alternatives. It is, in fact, an illustration of one of the very common features of "social technology" as it has been touted in the past few years: extraordinarily expensive, complex, humanly-stressing "solutions" to the problem of maintaining peculiarly-favored historical habits or atavisms; means of maintaining some past patterns of behavior at the expense of extreme distortion of others. It is natural to expect humans facing frightening social and technical change to cling to some continuities with the past; the anomaly lies in the genius of our society to choose, almost unerringly, all the most destructive remnants to cling to, while embracing—out of the alternatives which open up—those new technologies and other changes which will exact the most wrenching of human scale and personality for a given benefit.

Systems analysis, at the service of the Liberal Establishment, can be a powerful tool for the construction of closed systems of social control: systems analysis, unlike the sciences which developed in the past, *is* really capable, in principle, of drawing together the factors necessary to create totalitarian dystopias. So far, however, the Establishment's mass irrationalism and self-deceit have blocked the realization of this potential; systems analysis, with a few exceptions, has been used by the Establishment to carry out their propensity for the exhaustive and compulsive answering of the wrong questions, in a way more technical than the usual.

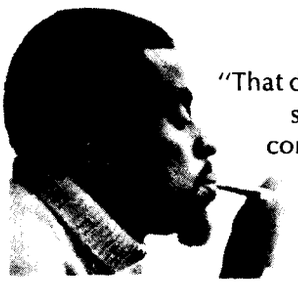
There is nothing inherent in systems analysis which makes it useful only for elitists or totalitarians. To the contrary, there are basic intellectual and ethical strains in systems analysis which are of vital usefulness to radical social critics. There is the questioning of basic goals, and the demand that instrumental values be derived from final values and from an understanding of the world, through empirical reason rather than received dogma from the past: this orientation toward the synthesis of value and analysis is in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

radical tradition, and can also be understood as having common features with what is recently called situation ethics or the ethics of specific consequences.

There is also a demand in systems analysis for understanding the world, and Man in it, in terms of interdependences rather than in the atomistic views of the past. This search for higher-level coherences is an obvious echo of the drive toward personal integration of all the human possibilities which makes up such a large part of radical thought and action today; and the attempt to see a society as "a system" constitutes a major part of the young radical movement today. So far, the attempts of the New Left to understand the possibilities of a post-modern society have not been very successful; but these attempts at understanding and guiding social change, while they may be *poor* (ignorant, oversimplified) systems analyses of U.S. society, are nevertheless quite perfect examples of the essential features of systems analyses.

Radical critics of the Establishment's "business as usual" need every modern weapon if they are to head off disaster; and the most basic weapon is relevant knowledge, including the kinds of broad knowledge involved in systems analysis. Aside from the direct uses of knowledge for radicals, it is of the utmost importance for the emotional support of radical dissenters that they have solid, detailed reasons for refuting, in their own minds and for the benefit of others, the liberal charges that the radicals have become historically-irrelevant Luddites. The only adequate refutation of the "Luddite—obstructionist—romanticist" argument, and the only refutation which offers positive political opportunities for radicals aside from "debating points," requires personal knowledge and competence and the self-discipline and integrity to seek and use them: the knowledge and competence which will permit radicals to compete equally with the "professionals" of the Establishment on matters of technique while surpassing them on matters of values and vision.



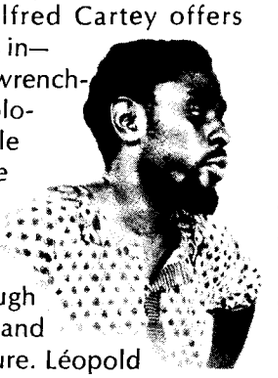
"That dawn which saw the first coming of the Europeans to Africa is for African writers no simple dawn but is charged with layered meaning. That morning which saw the beginnings of European cultural imposition was fraught with danger for the spiritual protector of the African writer, for his totem."
—WILFRED CARTEY

Whispers from a Continent:

The Literature of Contemporary Black Africa

Wilfred Cartey

WHISPERS FROM A CONTINENT is the voice of Africa today speaking to generations of the future. It is not literary criticism in the academic sense, but a poetic and passionate summoning forth of African experience through African literature. The many novels, poems and plays that Wilfred Cartey offers and involves us in—dramatize the wrenching forces of colonialism, the exile and flight of the black African, his search for self, and the final return through revolt to belief and faith in his future. Léopold Senghor, Aimé Césaire, Léon Damas, Chinua Achebe, are a few among the fifty leading contemporary Black African writers that are included in this unique and major work. The author, a poet himself, has created a vast *kente* cloth, into which are woven the images and symbols of a land, a culture, and a people. He has allowed us to hear history.



"Walking in the hills of Legon, I heard the murmurs of the wind. Sitting by the Winneba Sea, I listened to the back-and-forth movements of the water. Standing on the African soil at that hour when the heart strums the guitar of dreams in voices of the children Araba and Adwoa, Alice and Ekua, Abena and Amawi, Quasi and Ayeki, I received the whispers from a continent. To Mother, and to all those who listen to children's voices, I give back these whispers."—WILFRED CARTEY (In his new book **WHISPERS FROM A CONTINENT**)

"His book is a must. That is to say we must read Dr. Cartey's book, because Dr. Cartey has given us some valuable research, he has taken time to give us authentic material and to allow us to make our own analyses and draw our own conclusions. Dr. Cartey does not just shout lost culture, he retrieves it."—STOKELY CARMICHAEL

$8.95, now at your bookstore

Random House

Photos: Anna Winand

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Unperfect Society

MILOVAN DJILAS

Harcourt, $5

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

"I rebel, therefore we exist," Djilas quotes Camus at one point in *The Unperfect Society* to express his own existential credo. Over the past fifteen years, since his expulsion from the Yugoslav Communist Politburo, Djilas has "rebelled" and fought the system through his writings, exposing the greed and the corruption of the Communist bureaucracy (*The New Class*) and the cynical imperialism of Stalin (*Conversations with Stalin*), and has paid for his effrontery by spending almost ten years in prison.

Internal Yugoslav political struggles and power shifts brought the downfall of secret police boss Rankovic in 1966, and soon thereafter Djilas was freed from prison. The bitter dispute between Tito and the Kremlin over the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia made it imperative for Tito to mend his fences in the West. So Djilas was allowed to visit the U.S. and Britain to rally support for Yugoslavia by his articles, interviews and TV appearances, at a time of intense danger to his country's independence.

Even while rendering these services to Tito, Djilas was preparing for publication his newest book attacking the dogmatic nature of Marxism and the failures of the Yugoslav model of Communism to solve the country's grave problems, such as massive unemployment, low industrial productivity and the sharpening conflict between the nationalities. Such utterances cannot fail to displease, and perhaps anger Tito. But despite the obvious risks inherent in continued rebellion, Djilas returned to Belgrade in December, rejecting the meaningless role of an exiled Trotsky.

The main thrust of *The Unperfect Society* is to demonstrate the fundamental disparity between Marxist dogmatism and contemporary science, particularly physics. Engels insisted that "dialectical materialism . . . [is] simply a view of the world to be verified and confirmed in the exact sciences," and was thus *objectively* superior to all other systems, since its validity could be verified empirically in history.

But Djilas convincingly shows that Marxism soon became an ossified dogma whose postulates not only couldn't be proven correct in practice, but in fact stood in conflict with the momentous advances of twentieth-century physics and mathematics. Marxist theories have become regressive because they continue to be based on the outdated scientific "laws" of the eighteenth century, including the concept of mechanical progress, which Lenin and Stalin petrified into immutable dogmas.

Lenin was too perceptive to overlook such advances in physics as Einstein's theory of relativity. But he downgraded its significance since it contradicted the fundamental Marxist postulate about the absolute and unchanging nature of material reality. Lenin spoke about the alleged "crisis" in modern physics, seeking, in effect, to hide the growing crisis in Marxism —the fact that it increasingly stood in conflict with the advance of science.

As for Stalin, he simply sought to "resolve" the problem by forcing biology and physics to conform to his own dogmatism; he duly promoted Lysenko's unscientific theories about heredity and proscribed Einstein's theory of relativity. As a result the Soviets found themselves in the "absurd position of producing nuclear bombs while rejecting the implications of Einstein's theory of relativity, which contains what has been called the 'basic equation of nuclear energy.'"

The widening gap between Marxist dogma and objective reality lies at the root of the mounting problems that afflict Communist societies, such as the alienation of the working class, low productivity, unemployment and industrial waste, all of which are supposedly created by capitalist ownership. Djilas contends that the reality of life is far more powerful than any dogma, including Marxism, no matter how effectively the Communists manipulate the repressive powers of the state, and will lead either to the radical transformation of Communist societies, or to their collapse. The problem with Communism is simply that it has been outdistanced by the scientific and technological revolutions; it simply does not provide the ideational framework for solving the problems of advanced industrial society (automation, mass consumption, mass production).

Djilas regards Yugoslav Communism as "a model of weakness and disintegration of Communism, both in theory and practice . . . and a hope for democratic transformation." "As things are," says Djilas of prevailing Yugoslav conditions, "the present Yugoslav regime is not capable of surviving any major crisis." He suggests the transformation of Yugoslavia into a confederation, "within which national communities are associated by agreements as between sovereign states." Though this suggestion will be welcomed by Croat, Slovene and Macedonian circles, it will hardly make Djilas popular with the Belgrade bureaucracy which is fiercely fighting all efforts to decentralize the state and the economy.

Like Djilas' earlier books, *The Unperfect Society* will have little influence on guiding the young rebels of the New Left in the West, who may be the last lash of the great revolutionary unheaval that has rocked the world since 1917, rather than the vanguard of the future. Djilas' thinking will have far greater

REVIEWERS

THOMAS M. CONRAD is completing a book on the strategic aspects of central war.

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC teaches European History at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey.

SALLIE TESELLE is the author of *Literature and the Christian Life* and editor of *Soundings: An Interdisciplinary Journal.*

ARNOLD BEICHMAN, a veteran journalist and foreign correspondent, is the author of *The "Other" State Department* (Basic Books).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impact on the Communist nations, including the Soviet Union, which, having gone through necessary political and industrial revolutions brought by Communism, now insist on more freedom and greater material wellbeing.

Djilas' political future is hard to predict. Is he exclusively a revolutionary and a political theorist? Or, in a moment of crisis, will he also prove a skillful technician of power? Whatever the answer, he remains a living negation of the Marxist proposition that impersonal economic forces rather than men and ideas make history.

A Search for God in Time and Memory

JOHN S. DUNNE

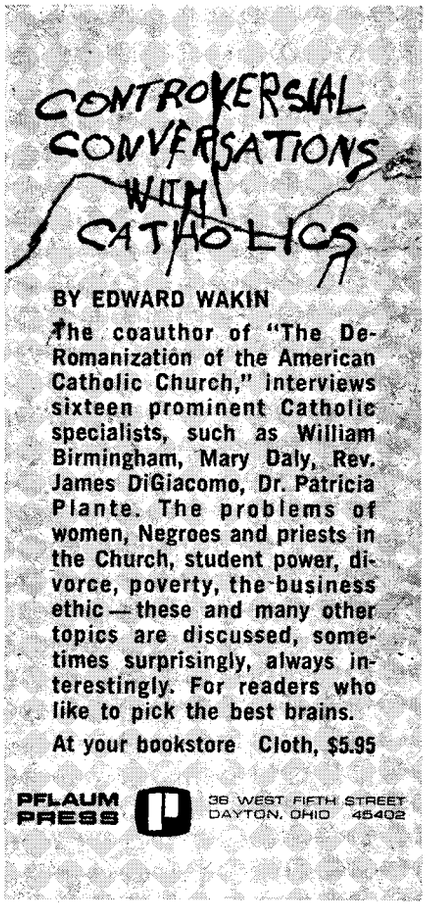
Macmillan, $6.95

SALLIE TeSELLE

The title of John Dunne's book—*A Search for God in Time and Memory*—indicates its singular contribution, a *method* of theological analysis, which, while not new, is used more directly and openly here than in its predecessors. Those predecessors—Augustine's *Confessions* and Kierkegaard's corpus among others—set the pattern of theological reflection through autobiography, but Dunne takes autobiography as a method, perhaps *the* method, of thinking theologically in our time. In a time when theological concepts seem abstract and unreal to most people, when talk of objective entities and events—whether they be "God" or "Christ" or "the Church" or "sin"—have little or no meaning when men are convinced only of the reality of the self (both their own and that of others), a radically new form of address is needed if men are to find Christianity speaking to them. Dunne feels, and I believe rightly, that a key form of address may well be found in the autobiography, which has an authenticity and an immediacy lacking in the mainstream of Christian theological conceptualization—the pattern of thought inherited from Greece and wedded to the Biblical model during the early centuries of Christianity.

The autobiographical approach touches modern man where he lives—at the point of attempting to become what he is, or as Dunne says, to "appropriate" himself—and then it moves him out beyond himself, for in "passing over" from the self to the other in sympathetic understanding (which is the common experience of reading autobiography), one begins to bridge the gap between personal and public knowledge. If the task of becoming oneself, the modern task, involves not only gathering together, making one's own, the time of one's life but also the times before and after, the times out of which one came and toward which one goes, and if this operation for modern man must take place without any previously acknowledged mediators spiritual or temporal (either a savior or a church), then the loneliness of the task is overwhelming unless one can experience the *companionship* both of others who have in their own way lived their life stories and of God who in the life story of Jesus is seen as the great companion, *Abba*.

This is, I believe, the heart of Dunne's book—the crisis of unmediated existence and the question what can be done about it. He gives no easy solutions; one of the nice things about the book is its reticence, its identification with the radical agnosticism, loneliness, and fear of death that characterizes contemporary life (though one does not have the feeling that Father Dunne, in the fashion of William Hamilton, *himself* participates in this situation). What he offers is a method, perhaps a hint of a method would be better, for making progress in the right direction. He takes as his model Socratic cross-examination; starting with ignorance about the self and about others, he seeks to conduct the reader into the inexhaustible intelligibility of the mystery of his own story through the stories of others. One "passes over" from one's own autobiography to that of another and back to one's self, presumably penetrating more deeply into the task of becoming oneself through the sympathetic understanding of another. Thus the stories of Paul, Augus-


CONTROVERSIAL
CONVERSATIONS
WITH
CATHOLICS
BY EDWARD WAKIN
The coauthor of "The De-Romanization of the American Catholic Church," interviews sixteen prominent Catholic specialists, such as William Birmingham, Mary Daly, Rev. James DiGiacomo, Dr. Patricia Plante. The problems of women, Negroes and priests in the Church, student power, divorce, poverty, the business ethic—these and many other topics are discussed, sometimes surprisingly, always interestingly. For readers who like to pick the best brains.
At your bookstore Cloth, $5.95
PFLAUM PRESS
36 WEST FIFTH STREET
DAYTON, OHIO 45402

Classified

● RATES: 50¢ a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines: $3.00 a line. Discounts: 5%, 3 times; 10%, 7 times; 15%, 13 times. Payable with order.

Retreat Community

● WHO WOULD LIKE to join and help us build an evangelical-catholic, ecumenical-liturgical, interracial and international retreat community in Southwest Wisconsin devoted to effective interpersonal and social change by non-violent means? Write, Box 530, Commonweal.

Religious Director Wanted

● WANTED: RELIGIOUS EDUCATION DIRECTOR for 600-family suburban New York parish. Coordinate program, pre-school through adult. Submit resume and salary requirements to MRS. JOSEPH AGRESTA, 92 Oak Hill Rd., Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514.

Inter-Faith Contemplatives

● APPLICATIONS now being considered for lay or professed participants for inter-faith farming community near Montreal, Quebec, centered around Tibetan Buddhist, Hindu and Christian contemplatives. L. PARSONS, 4517 Melrose Ave., Montreal 29, Canada.

"MY FELLOW AMERICANS," 3-act comedy drama by Mortimer Frankel, author of "The Ballad of LBJ." Depicts rise and fall of a mythical President, his filthy war, the passion and death of his U.N. Ambassador. Published paperbound, mimeo edition, $3.95. Address: Mortimer Frankel, c/o W.I.N., 339 Lafayette St., New York 10012.

INTER-FAITH INSTITUTE for clergy of all faiths, "*Church and Kingdom.*" June 16-20. Speakers: RABBI ARTHUR GILBERT, REV. JOAN FORSBERG, REV. RICHARD MCBRIEN. *Write*: PASTORAL INSTITUTE, Holy Family Monastery, West Hartford, Conn. 06107.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tine, Luther, Calvin, Pascal, Goethe, Hegel, Kierkegaard and others become the raw material for such understanding. The story of Jesus has a preeminence, but not, initially, because he is a sacred person; "when it appears that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life, as is said in the Gospel of John . . . this will be because in the person of Jesus one somehow finds a light on the mystery of oneself and others, which one can find in no other person" (pp. 7-8). The outcome of such a process would, I imagine, be similar to the goal of the Ignatian exercises—the gradual assimilation of the imaginal and emotive life to a pattern of response which would make the "*Abba*" one utters not a leap of faith or an intellectual assent but a natural form of address. Sympathetic meditation on the lives of other Christians, and especially on the life of Christ, has then succeeded in penetrating into the mystery of one's own lonely, unmediated existence to the point where one knows one is not alone, either in life or in death.

I am so sympathetic with Dunne's method in his book that I find myself unwilling to dwell on its tendency toward gimmicky epigrams, its dark use of Hegel's dark *Phenomenology of Mind,* its attempt to restate all of Christian doctrine in 200 pages. There is little doubt in my mind that autobiographical writing is the key form of expression in our time—witness what Malcolm X's autobiography did for whites' understanding of black power—and it is Dunne's appreciation of this form which should be the basis for any review of his book.

Paths to Renewal, III

. . . THE THEOLOGICAL rationale for creative resistance can be discovered in the rich tradition of Hebraic prophetism, as well as in the central themes of the Christian heritage. The prophetic history of dissent can be traced through the biblical prophets to the early Christian community and to our own time through the left-wing churches of the Reformation. Christian eschatology means living between the "already" and the "not yet." This dynamism of the Spirit in history is constantly challenging us to resist the temptation to make idols of our culturally conditioned institutions.

Christianity, as a religion of the open future, opposes the deterministic fatalism of divinizing the feudal-medieval model of Catholicism. Christianity, as a religion of hope, gives men the courage to challenge the ecclesiastical status quo in the hope of making the Church a more effective reconciler amid human alienations. Such a ministry of reconciliation can only be achieved as a result of purifying conflict with the powers of evil in ourselves and our institutions. Christianity, as a religion of death and resurrection, would not be faithful to its authentic depths if it did not resist its sinful structures unto death for the sake of a renewed life. . . .

—Eugene C. Bianchi
Commonweal, May 16, 1969

The trial coupon, for new subscribers only, saves more than 60% of the single copy price.

17 Issues for $2

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send the next 17 issues of Commonweal to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip.....

☐ I prefer the regular one-year subscription at $10.

For students only: one year, $6 ☐; six months, $3 ☐.

5/30/69

The Military Philosophers

ANTHONY POWELL

Little, Brown, $4.95

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Usually I don't read the same novel twice in one sitting. This time I did because of a great curiosity to find out how does Anthony Powell do it. By what magic of style, quasi-plot, characterization and incident does he so involve me with his characters that all I can do is envy him his knowledge and acquaintance of their real-life prototypes? Over the years, reading his "A Dance to the Music of Time" novels (this is the ninth in the sequence) I have been filled with this curiosity and envy. These feelings have never been stronger than now as I put down this latest episode, by far his best and most meaningful.

In Powell we know what Proust would have been had he been English. Powell is quite candid in acknowledging the (not *his*) master. (His use of "fishpaste sandwiches and seed cake" to invoke *les temps perdus* reminds one, naturally, of Proust's *madeleines* to which Powell refers, without self-consciousness.) Both writers share a great talent, taking the cataclysmic event and by extending it to a personal moment in time, thereby raising the magnitude of the event. Thus Nick Jenkins, the narrator, says: "During the period between the Potsdam Con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ference and the dropping of the first atomic bomb, I read in the paper that Widmerpool was engaged to Pamela Flitton." This sentence is no act of trivialization or contrivance but surely the way we all relate important personal events to the world outside. (My son was born the day in September 1939 when the *HMS Athenia* was sunk in the Atlantic by a Nazi submarine.)

By moving in and out to the music of time, Powell has created a number of characters who are among the most memorable in modern fiction. Colonel Kenneth Widmerpool is one of those horrors in all military bureaucracies who finds the behavior of the weak, however morally justified, utterly reprehensible when opposed to the behavior of the strong, however morally depraved. When the Katyn Forest massacre of Polish Army officers at Stalin's orders became known, Widmerpool comments:

". . . Whatever materializes, even if it does transpire—which I sincerely trust it will not—that the Russians behaved in such a very regrettable manner, how can this country possibly raise official objection, in the interests of a few thousand Polish exiles, who, however worthy their cause, cannot properly handle their diplomatic relations, even with fellow Slavs. . . . How, as I say, can we approach our second most powerful Ally about something which, if a fact, cannot be put right, and is almost certainly, from what one knows of them, the consequence of administrative inadequacy, rather than wilful indifference to human life and the dictates of compassion?"

This monologue is then followed by some minutiae about a Belgian file-folder and talk about luncheon. All through this and other incidents, Powell writes about World War II as an event, passionless, unemotional, an event in time, never in space, not in distant places but as they relate, for example, to the ungovernable Pamela Flitton and her love affairs. It is not that Powell remotely intends to diminish World War II as the horror it was as he is determined to prevent the historians alone from monopolizing its history. He, too, can and does describe the war *wie es eigentlich gewesen.*

Powell has been narrating the history of British society, its ironies and its eccentricities, its *la belle époque* eminence from World War I to the early days after World War II, when once again everybody returned to peace-time occupations, from intelligence officer to wholesale fruiterer, from an office on Harley Street where once Major Jenkins had plotted with Allied military attachés and where, in exactly the same place, ten years later he is sitting in what is now a dentist's chair. "Like so many things that have actually taken place," writes Powell in another context, "the incident was now wholly unbelievable" but what Powell is really saying by not saying it is that it is all so damnably sad. Jenkins meets his once youthful mistress ("She mentioned an address in Knightsbridge, as it happened not far from the flat at the back of Rutland Gate, where once, quite naked, she had opened the door when we were lovers.") Now, years and years later, she sits in a car alongside her daughter— ". . . the same leggy, coltish look, untaught, yet hinting at the same time of captivating sophistications and artifices."

We are fortunately still years away from that moment in "the music of time" when this novel of 20th Century Britain will have been completed. Powell has taken for himself not merely the personal lives of a group of Britons but the story of their wars and their politics and the maddening way in which life goes on amidst death, the maddening way in which private lusts are displayed in public places, the maddening way in which none understands the why of his interminable existence, the maddening way in which a man named Blackhead, forever the bureaucrat, spends the war writing memoranda about bicycles for the Belgian Women's Corps, second echelon lorries for the Royal Netherlands Artillery, Luxembourg shoulder flashes or soap issue for the Polish Women's Corps. This latter question Blackhead discussed in a 3½-page memorandum only to be artfully destroyed by a superior officer who writes a two-word inscription at the bottom of the last page—"Please amplify."

What is Powell's secret? A great cosmic sadness about our lives, the cosmic sadness which flowed from Pascal as he described man's condition in the *Pensées.* It is Powell's skill and power in depicting man's helplessness that makes this, like his other novels, so unforgettable, so wonderfully sad.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 307)

quite correct when he writes the panel pressed Chaplain Liteky more than the article suggested. Greater length, however, does not mean greater intensity. Mr. Fahey deludes himself if he believes the polemic in his letter is a replay of his panel performance. There was so much respect and so little outrage floating around the Chaplain's Vietnam hurrah at Manhattan that the anti-war sentiments of the panelists were never escalated into an appropriate response.

Regarding the sign-off: my notes indicate no further argument followed the final salutes quoted at the end of the article.

PHILIP NOBILE

Generation Gap

New York

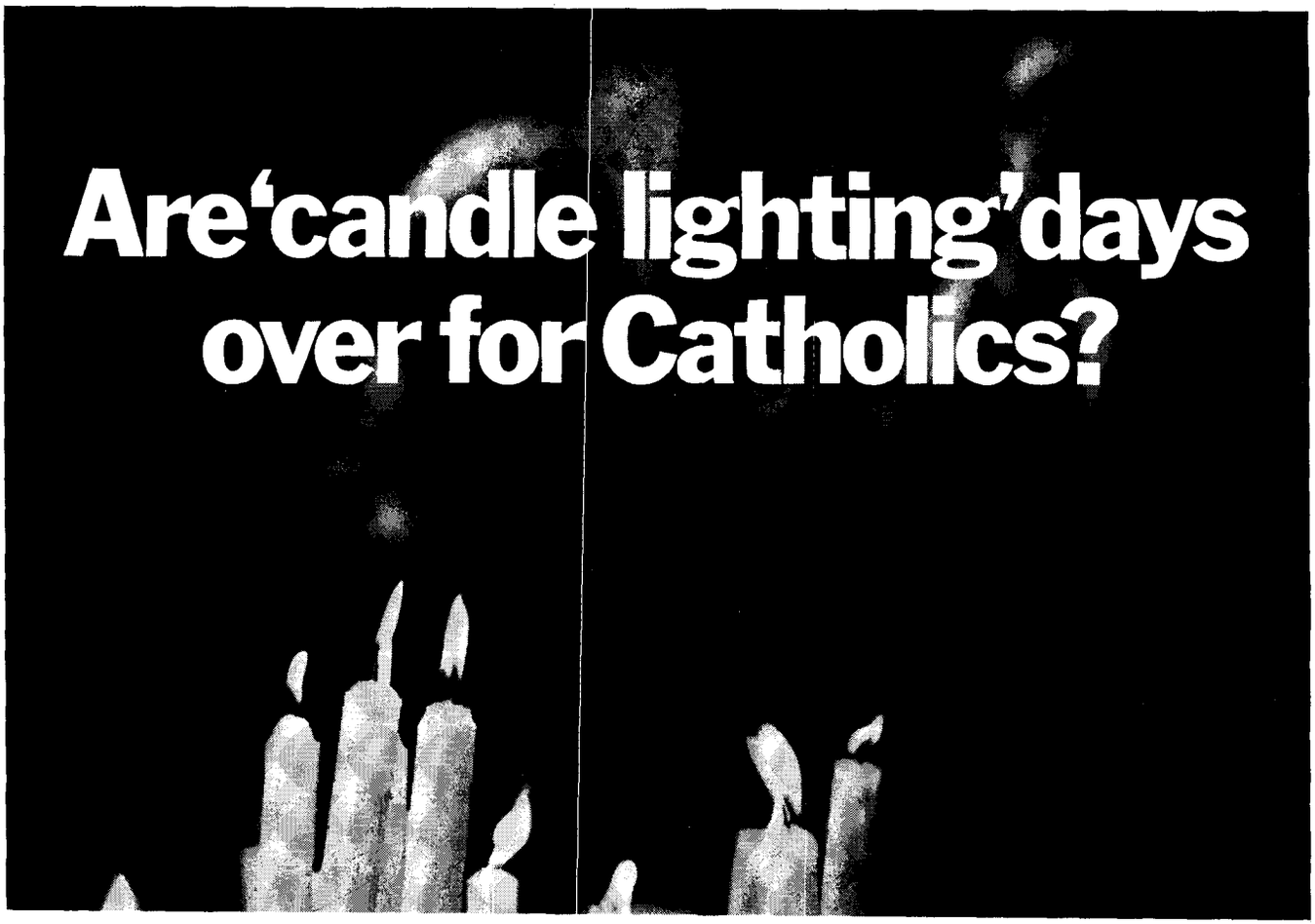
To the Editors: It's a small point, but for the sake of history it should be pointed out that the University Christian Movement, eulogized in Joseph Walsh's "Self-Inflicted Death" [April 11], was born September 6, 1966. It is thus 30-months old, and some there are who have punned about that figure.

LEON HOWELL

Last week's cover was designed by Bob Barcklow, a freelance illustrator working out of New York. Mr. Barcklow's art also accompanied the article "California's Academic Fault" on pp. 281, 285 in the same issue. Ibid *J. Noonan on p. 277.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are 'candle lighting' days over for Catholics?



Good question.

More and more active, intelligent Catholics—priests, religious, and lay people—are far more concerned about the burning issues of our time than about lighting candles.

And they look to National Catholic Reporter, the lively, controversial, vigorously independent weekly newspaper, to light the way to a deeper understanding of the complex issues in which Christians today must be involved.

Widely quoted, intensely read, National Catholic Reporter is noted for its comprehensive coverage of such issues as birth control, civil rights, Vietnam, celibacy, freedom and the rights of conscience. The Reporter tells it like it is—from exclusive reporting of the secret documents of Pope Paul's commission on birth control to on-the-scene coverage of major events involving vital religious and secular issues.

In National Catholic Reporter, you'll read many points of view from a wide range of distinguished contributors, including dissenters from "the Establishment" to dissenters from the dissenters. They include people like John Cogley, Margaret Mead, Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., Erich Fromm, Andrew Greeley, Lutheran theologian Martin Marty, Daniel and Sidney Callahan, Karl Rahner, Alan Paton, Daniel Berrigan, Michael Novak, Joseph Fichter S.J., and many more.

They're all there to shed light —not heat—on the important issues affecting Christians and the world today.

And bring a sense of humor, too, for a column called Cry Pax!, where pretension gets a poke, and the joke is on everyone, including us. Then enjoy a double take at The Establishment with free-wheeling cartoons by Jules Feiffer.

Is this any way to run a religious newspaper? We think it is. And you will, too, when you receive your first stimulating issues of the country's most widely quoted religious newspaper.

Take your choice of our special introductory offers for new subscribers—30 issues for $5.00, a saving of $2.50 off the regular single copy price or 50 issues for $8.00, a saving of $4.50 off the single copy price. Either way, you get a bargain of an introduction to America's most adventurous enterprise in religious journalism.

Whether or not your 'candle lighting' days are over, you owe it to yourself to brighten up your life with National Catholic Reporter. Try it and see. But do mail the coupon below today.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER
Dept. (11)/P. O. Box 281/Kansas City, Missouri/64141

Please enter my subscription to National Catholic Reporter, America's most controversial religious newspaper for the following term:

☐ 30 issues for $5.00—a saving of $2.50 off the single copy price.
☐ I enclose $5.00. ☐ Please bill me.
(Foreign postage: Canada, $1.20 add'l; Elsewhere, $1.65 add'l.)

☐ 50 issues for $8.00—a saving of $4.50 off the single copy price.
☐ I enclose $8.00. ☐ Please bill me.
(Foreign postage: Canada, $2.00 add'l; Elsewhere, $2.75 add'l.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED